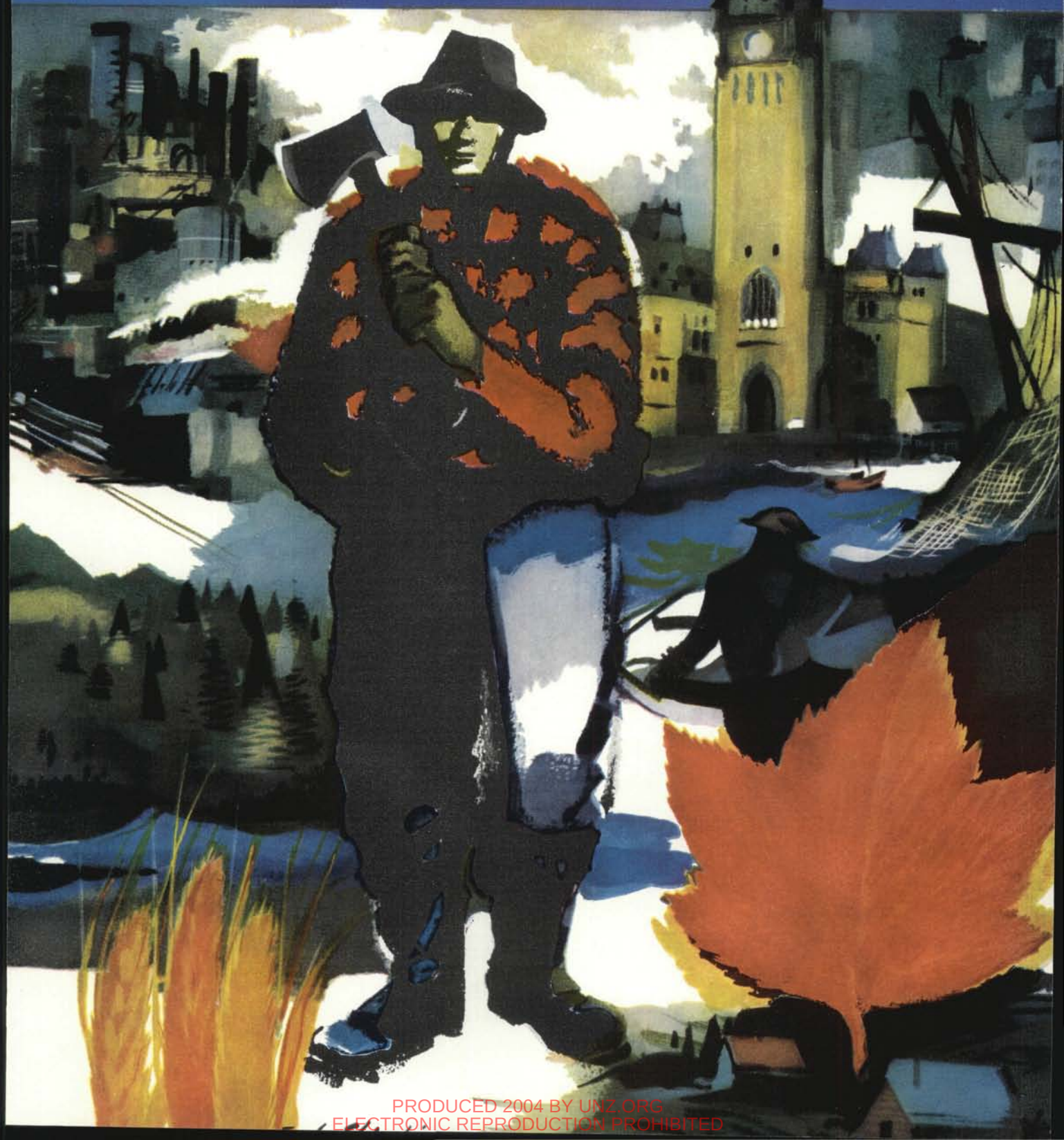
TIME FOR A CHANGE IN CANADA?

The Reporter

January 20, 1953 25c



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"she might have been my kid..."

The line of men and women waiting to register at the Blood Donor Center moved briskly past the reception desk. The truck driver fingered his cap nervously as he listened to the people behind him. They talked about why they had come to give blood.

He heard the young kid with the crew haircut say he was being drafted and figured he might soon be needing some blood himself. He heard the blonde girl say she was a Civil Defense worker—and how it was important to build up our blood reserves against the chance of a sudden air attack here.

Then the truck driver turned and spoke . . . the words coming in spurts as if he were describing a picture moving before his eyes . . . "There was no time, see? She comes running out from behind this parked car right under my wheels. She's wearing pigtails, and the way the sun is shining on her hair, she might have been *my* kid. I bring her to the hospital . . . and it takes 3 pints of blood before she opens her eyes . . .

"I'm here now," the truck driver added, "to make my first installment on those three pints of blood!"

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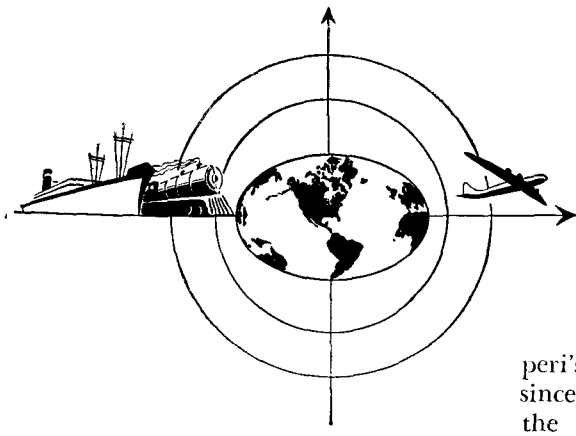

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Lost Year

Protocol or no protocol, no matter what the politicians at Westminster or on Capitol Hill may say, Winston Churchill had to see his old friend Eisenhower. The old man could not wait another month until after the inauguration, for time is running short—and not just the time he has left to live. The two men worked together when the achievement of each was at the highest. They have made history together, and the confidence of the older man has greatly contributed to making the younger one the leader he is now.

But it is not in order to reminisce that Churchill has crossed the ocean. It is, we imagine, because of the too many things that have been welling up lately in his heart and in his mind—urgent and fateful things. We have, of course, no direct wire to Mr. Churchill, and we may not read his thinking correctly, but the old man has played such a role in the lives of all of us, and we are so much inclined to expect the best of him, that we take our chance and hazard our guess.

Time is running short—this we imagine to be the leitmotif of Churchill's talk—and things have been sliding steadily to the worse everywhere in the world and particularly in the West. Britain has known an economic crisis of one kind or another in every odd year, and this is 1953. The unification of Europe is hitting one snag after another, both in France and in Germany. The men who are coming up in both countries are those who want to turn the clock back and revert to narrow nationalism and self-sufficiency. In 1953 Adenauer and De Gasperi will face the voters, and at least De Gasperi's prospects are probably good, since he might, with luck and with the assistance of the other democratic parties, get close to gaining the confidence of forty-nine per cent of the electorate. Democracy, in most European countries, can survive only by getting around or stretching out the majority principle.

The fact is—and Churchill knows it better than anybody else—that the great drives toward western unity, no matter whether they are called Schuman Plan, European army, or Atlantic alliance—have been badly slowed down. Each one of the western nations is less than ever able to solve its own difficulties and live within its own means. The old European nations are dying, but the birth of the new Europe seems, to say the least, delayed. Just look what happened at the last NATO conference.

If CHURCHILL tries to explain to his old friend why the movement toward western unity has hit so many snags, he may find that the main reason is likely to hurt the feelings of the President-elect. For it has been in the course of the American election—and largely because of the election—that the drive toward western unity has slowed down so. Practically from the beginning of 1952 to the present, American statesmanship in foreign affairs has taken a holiday, for its major protagonists on both sides have been busy, first handshaking and whistle-stopping, then recovering from the ordeal, then getting out of office or learning the first rudiments of political responsibility.

Mr. Churchill is a wise old man, equally adept at the game of high statesmanship and at that of low politics. He, who had been the greatest of all Europeans and the most imaginative architect of European unity while Labour was in power, became strictly an Englishman not concerned with European or western unity while he was campaigning to regain the leadership of his nation. He, better than anybody else, can understand how it happened that his old friend Ike, being new to his politician's role, during the campaign turned out to be a vote-seeker—with a vengeance. How can we help it? he may say; we must plan

CAIRO, KENYA, MOROCCO . . .

Where now, my loves? The lotuses are faded,
The houseboys gone, and those alluring lands
Where rich or tired or selfish had evaded
Life, work, and their own conscience are now hells
Of human trial, where tongues, legs, and hands
Are torn off in the name of nationhood,
And your bright private paradise is stained
With angry patriot fanatic blood
Spilled for itself alone. Refuge? Release?
Nowhere, my idle loves, however far—
Escape you cannot. This is a new earth
Where every seed must push to its own birth
No matter where it lies—or where you are.

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and act for the world, but while campaigning we can only appeal to those who have the votes.

Probably no man living knows better than Churchill that in order to survive, democracy must be made to work in a much broader frame than that of the national state; but it just so happens that in every nation where democratic elections are still held, the appeal to the voters is made within the old, cracked frame—a basis of strictly national or sectional or parochial interests. At every election, each European nation becomes more like a borough—sometimes a rotten borough—of that western commonwealth which, because of all these rotten boroughs, does not come into existence. The main drive for the building of that commonwealth so far has come only from America, but the Americans who have best directed that drive have taken a year off.

This will bring Churchill to ask his most urgent question of his friend Ike: Will Ike regain the year that has been lost? Will he, as soon as he is in office, act the statesman—with a vengeance? For world democracy cannot survive many of these interludes of orgiastic electioneering. Because of the way things have been going for a year, now the strengthening of military, political, and economic ties among the nations of the West is something that has to be done in a span not of months but of weeks.

WE MAY be quite mistaken in all our guesses, but we heartily approve of Churchill's visit to Eisenhower. We think also of the words about "peace" that recently came from Stalin, a man whom Churchill knows rather well. And who can be surprised at such talk? Who can doubt Stalin's willingness to have *his* peace? Sometimes he might even think that unless Churchill and Eisenhower put some obstacles in his way, *his* peace may come fairly soon.

On Subversion

The extraordinary thing about the McCarran Immigration law is that not even its most determined opponents had any idea how bad it was and what harm it could do our country. In fact, we have looked at the

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newspaper editorials condemning the Act and at the record of the Congressional debates, but we couldn't find any one who anticipated the difficulties our authorities were going to have with foreign sailors.

But by now we all know much better, and there isn't a newspaper in the world that hasn't carried stories about what happened to the crew of the *Liberté*. Later reports gave us the news that hardy foreign sailors operating from California have gone out of the tuna-fishing business because, under the McCarran Act, they no longer have the right to stay in this country between voyages. And of course we know that the McCarran Act, as Dr. K. F. Mather, retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, put it recently, has dropped "a red tape curtain" around the country.

In our considered opinion, the Act is the most powerful instrument of anti-American subversion that has ever been devised. The Senator from Nevada may say, of course, that we as well as Dr. Mather are pro-Communist, or whatever. Once already he has taken the floor of the Senate to lambaste *The Reporter*. We don't care to call anybody names. But there is something about the Senator that he cannot shake off and cannot deny. He is Pat McCarran.

The Dragon and the Fly

We have noticed lately that an old acquaintance of ours, Mr. Alfred Kohlberg of China Lobby fame, goes around saying that he is the China Lobby in person. Journalists who wouldn't have dared write these two words, China Lobby, without putting them chastely between quotation marks now follow Mr. Kohlberg's example and give to the China Lobby, via its self-styled embodiment, that recognition which is due to all the facts of life.

The whole thing reminds us of the old story about the fly sitting on the horse's rump and proudly exclaiming, "I run, I pull, I trot—briefly, I am the horse." In this case the fly says, "I am the dragon," and merrily buzzes right into the middle of any receptive mike. That buzz, of course, is the dragon's roar. That's all there is to the dragon legend—just that ever-busy, ever-buzzing fly.

We find the whole thing quite amusing, but of course we don't let the fly distract us from the dragon. We like to follow the comings and goings of certain characters, both Chinese and American. It is exceedingly difficult to know what the Lobby was doing during the last election, where probably it followed, like all organizations of its kind, a policy of bipartisan involvement. For of course the Lobby could not entirely discount the possibility of a Democratic victory.

Somehow, busy as we are on so many other projects, we cannot help, from time to time, catching a glimpse of the dragon—we mean the real one. Perhaps it's all superstition, coming from the fact that no sooner had we scratched its extraordinarily thick hide, our circulation doubled.

FALA AND THE PAPILLONS

Poor little papillons, coming to the White House,
Pattering and skidding on the parquet floor—
Some dark night they will shiver in this fright house
Where a small ghost growls at them behind the bedroom door—

A small black ghost with his whiskers all a-bristle
At these new little, fancy little, queer little things
Who can't hear the wheel chair, the call, and the whistle
Sounding down the corridors and all through the wings.

—SEC

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GAME OF POLITICS

To the Editor: It is a political custom to drop purely partisan matters following an election, on the theory of the-decision-is-cast-let's-pull-together. So far as that unifying custom goes against partisan rancor per se, it is good. When it goes beyond that—into moral areas, for example—it reduces politics to the level of certain sports. What is trickery in some areas may plausibly be shrugged away with a why-bother. In politics such indifference is culpable.

In this context, "politics" is employed not in its partisan but in its nonpartisan sense—the science of government. One cannot rationally expect government to be scientific (dedicated to common good as a first scientific principle) in a ratio out of line with the integrity of persons elected to apply the science. The higher the office and the lower the integrity, the less science rationally expectable.

The criterion of integrity, during the recent election, centered in the publishability of the income-tax returns of the four candidates for the past ten years. Returns were made public by three, allaying any suspicion as to the propriety of their incomes. The fourth diverged by acquiring, putatively, $75,000 in partisan funds to tell by radio a disgustingly mawkish story of wife, children, dog, grocery store, and other impertinences—a story widely regarded as deliberate obfuscation.

Hence, Mr. Nixon's evasion only served to intensify suspicion in the minds of persons with enough intelligence to associate politics with integrity.

It is not a case of convivially forgetting the question as to whether the second baseman actually dropped the ball or not. It is a case of soberly remembering the question as to whether the vicar is a man of simony or not.

Mr. Nixon should be invited and reinvited to bare his income-tax returns of the past ten years—as he challenged the other major candidates to do—until he either does so or is persuaded to withdaw from public life.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY
Augusta, Georgia

UNITED NATIONS

To the Editor: A. A. Berle, in his article on "Our Enlightened Self-Interest and the United Nations" (*The Reporter*, December 23), talks of 'sentiment, aspiring toward a mighty dream [of world peace]" as the factor motivating the formation of the United Nations. This is indeed the talk of dreamers. I rather believe that it was an effort on the part of United States (and other) diplomats to bend over backward in proving good will toward the Soviet Union. By consenting to have us sit as equals with Russia at an international council, Roosevelt wanted to demonstrate once and for all that we had abandoned our attempts to isolate her. Mr. Berle's hypothesis is only a rationalization. We were told that leading

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authorities looked on the United Nations as the only mechanism for preserving the peace. Yet in the context of contemporary world affairs, the effective operation of any peace-preserving body is predicated on the peace it seeks to establish.

The United States traded with the rest of the world long before the advent of the United Nations, and the existence of that body in no way affects that trade. Moreover, trade barriers are not lowered by the existence of the United Nations, as evidenced by the breakdown of the "single world market." The United States' assumption of a more or less independent leadership in international politics does not alter the desire of nations to acquire credit with us through trade.

Likewise the United Nations does not affect our system of military alliances, since they are made outside that body. They must be as long as the Communist bloc retains its U.N. membership. The U.N. can lay no claim to the invention of treaties. These will be made and broken as the need for them arises and disappears.

The actual fulfillment of treaties is determined by the abilities and desires of the participating nations, not as a result of their membership in the United Nations. Otherwise many nations such as India and Sweden would send troops to Korea, and Great Britain would contribute a larger share than she now does. France's defense of Indo-China is motivated by the desire to retain a rich colony, rather than by her obligations as a United Nations member.

By now the United Nations has such great prestige that a nation cannot deny its efficacy without appearing to be a menace to peace. Emotion runs so high on this point that no country, not even the Soviet Union, dares leave the organization for fear of being automatically branded an aggressor. Therefore it is highly inexpedient for the United States to quit the United Nations.

But we must face realities realistically instead of covertly, as we are now doing. We must arrange our international affairs outside the context of United Nations discussion, except in so far as this discussion may prove genuinely relevant to our needs. But this in no way implies that we should destroy our defense alliances, our aid programs, or our trade with other nations.

In closing let me state that I think your magazine is one of the best published, and that I thoroughly enjoy your immensely enlightening and stimulating articles.

HENRY T. MINDEN
Chicago

To the Editor: Mr. A. A. Berle's article is an answer to prayer and the utmost anxiety which our Committee has been experiencing over the organized attacks on the U.N. we have been trying to meet and overcome.

MRS. CLIFFORD C. COWIN
Chairman, Christian World Relations,
United Church Women,
National Council
of the Churches of Christ,
Lakewood, Ohio

To the Editor: My congratulations to you for presenting, and to Mr. Berle for writing, the article "Our Enlightened Self-Interest and the United Nations." I know of no presentation of the case that has been made with comparable clarity. I wish that it had been the lead-off article and given a sort of banner heading, but fortunately the *Reporter* reader is not a man who skims through your pages, and I venture to predict that it will be read by all subscribers and commented on by many. I should like to see it sent to Cabot Lodge with a suggestion that his final action in the Senate be a request for its inclusion in the *Congesssional Record*.

I note with particular interest that Mr. Berle gives recognition to the dreamers who have sustained the emphasis on the goal of a governed world. He says that they cannot be ignored, an acknowledgment that fills my World Federalist heart with pride. In paying tribute to Harold Stassen as one of the three men whom he credits with major responsibility for the inclusion of Article 51 of the U.N. Charter, I wish that he had gone further and given him an accolade for his leadership in forcing acceptance of Article 109. No other man deserves more credit for the enormously important fact that in 1955 Charter revision comes up on the agenda of the United Nations General Assembly.

It would be enormously heartening and helpful if *The Reporter* and Mr. Berle were to lend their talents to the educational job ahead.

If the American people truly understand what are the precise proposals for a strengthened U.N. capable of enforcing universal disarmament, it is impossible to believe that their enlightened self-interest will not lead them to resist all efforts to weaken the United Nations.

MARY-STUART CHAMBERLAIN
Arlington, Virginia

'LIMELIGHT'

To the Editor: Your comment in the January 6 issue of *The Reporter*, with reference to Chaplin's "Limelight," was one of the few which have made sense.

After reading your Mr. Hatch's review of the film back in the November 25 issue, I too went to see it, and wondered whether he and I had seen the same picture.

Mr. Hatch's observation that Chaplin has added nothing new, and that his contribution to cinema excellence rests on a little man with a straw hat and a bamboo cane, is indeed trivial.

It appears to me that in "Limelight" Chaplin intended to show that a man with these accoutrements at sixty bears no resemblance to one similarly equipped at thirty, and may tell an altogether different story. Here, as in any other work of art, the play's the thing, not the trappings.

Mr. Hatch reviewed Chaplin, not the film, and the undertones of political and social nonconformity which may serve as grounds for criticism of the man have little, if anything, to do with the artist.

EDWARD SWAHY
New York

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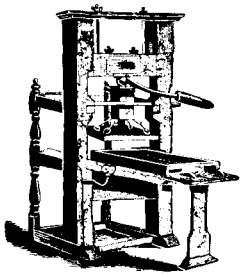

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN PREPARING the group of articles on Canada that we publish in this issue we were made uncomfortably conscious of the extraordinary extent of our ignorance. The trouble perhaps is that Canada is too close to us. Moreover, Canadians are the only relations we have in the New or in the Old World who cannot in any sense be considered poor relations. Americans have difficulty in thinking of Canada as a foreign country, or of these neighbors of ours as real foreigners. Yet in spite of all that Canadians have in common with us—a common heritage of pioneering, a parallel and prodigious growth—the fact is that Canadians differ from Americans in very many respects and, what is perhaps even more important, feel very strongly that they do so.

This year the Canadians are having their elections. Partly because of Canada's strategic position between the United States and Russia, these elections will certainly have great repercussions abroad. To what extent will Canadian voters be influenced by our own recent election?

For a survey of Canada today, we turned to peculiarly well-qualified Canadians. *BRUCE HUTCHISON*, on the staff of the Victoria *Daily Times*, is a novelist and newspaperman. He has written *The Unknown Country*, *Canada and Her People*, and a biography of Mackenzie King—that extraordinary figure who, even after his death, can still be considered to a certain extent the main protagonist of Canadian life.

WALTER O'HEARN, who has already written for *The Reporter*—"Pearson of Canada" (December 25, 1951) and "Canada Prepares to Go It Alone" (March 18, 1952)—is chief United Nations correspondent for the Montreal *Star*. He introduces us to what is called "Canadianism," the equivalent of our own "Americanism." These attempts to capture the essence of a nation's cultural individuality are probably a sign of a country's youth and youthful self-consciousness. From Ralph Waldo Emerson to Waldo Frank, we in this country have had a continuous stream of this sort of sociological national biography. Irritating though such national introspection sometimes may be—just as it is when overindulged in by individuals—a nation has the right to define what it thinks of itself.

Leaving the field of culture, *NOEL MOSTERT* tells us how people live in a Canadian prairie town. Bureau manager for the British United Press in Regina, Saskatchewan, Mr. Mostert has followed the agricultural development of western Canada and is now investigating its uranium finds—that new "gold rush"—in Canada's North. For a change of scene, he recently toured Africa, sending back reports which were published in the New York *Times* and other leading newspapers in the United States.

WE WILL have occasion to say a lot more about Korea. Indeed, that is one of the few things that an editor planning future issues can be certain of. Not that this certainty gives him any more pleasure than it does to his readers or to his fellow countrymen in general. There is only one article on Korea that we would like to run: a piece describing the first peaceful steps toward the rebuilding of that devastated and unhappy area. Meanwhile, whatever the future may hold, there is one fact that should be faced: President Syngman Rhee (77) will not be growing any younger. He wields complete political power; he is his country's dominant as well as most controversial figure. Whatever one's opinion of him, it is time now to take a good look at the political line of succession. Who will take Rhee's place? In *RUTH BARRETT'S* opinion, the man who at present appears to be the strongest candidate might quite possibly govern in such a way as to make Koreans nostalgic for the "good old times" of Syngman Rhee. Yet "After Rhee, Who?" is in the main an optimistic article, for it shows the political vitality of the Korean Republic. During the past six months Ruth Barrett has been in Japan and Korea. This on-the-spot report is the third of her articles to appear in *The Reporter*. The first, "Why Communist Prisoners Refuse to Go Home" (August 5, 1952), was written in collaboration with her husband George Barrett of the New York *Times*.

WHEN WE look at one of the most important and uncertain political relationships in the world, that between Red China and the U.S.S.R., we are baffled by the atmosphere of mysterious Oriental ritual in which both sides conduct their affairs. What is the true nature of the link that binds them? Is Mao Stalin's puppet? Or can he think, act, speak for himself? Probably between the two powers the relationship is similar to that which existed between the German and Austrian Empires before the First World War. One was a great deal more powerful than the other, but the German Kaiser could not push the Austrian Emperor around: Between the two there were strain and trickery and—as one recalls—things ended badly for both. It will be noticed that our author *ISAAC DEUTSCHER* does not emphasize the possibility of a Chinese Titoism. This, we think, is an eventuality that the West should foster but not talk about. We asked Mr. Deutscher, an old contributor to *The Reporter*, to handle this subject because, as author of *Stalin: A Political Biography*, he is one of the best experts we know on Russian foreign policy.

TALKING of Titoism and various bugaboos of Communism, *FRED HECHINGER*, education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, throws more light on the famous Prague trials. Carrying on from Theodore Draper's article (January 6, 1953), he shows how the Communists, contemptuous of ideology and consistency, consider pro-Semitism and anti-Semitism as interchangeable policies and use one or the other according to the way the wind blows.

WE HAVE SAID that we had no intention of "ruminating" forever over the elections. Our readers need have no fear that we shall do so. But we do intend to present some reflections that we think have permanent value. They will be written by men of different political views; later on we shall draw our own conclusions. With this issue we present the first in this series. *ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.*, professor of history at Harvard, was on Governor Stevenson's staff during the campaign. According to Senator McCarthy, he must have played quite a part in it, since the Senator thought it worth while to single him out for personal abuse in his $75,000 nation-wide telecast.

SENATOR LYNDON JOHNSON of Texas is a man to watch very closely. Which way will he go? How much of an opponent to the Republicans is he going to prove? Will he use his position to shape a new and more conservative Democratic Party? We put these questions to our Washington Editor, *DOUGLASS CATER*, a native of Alabama, who should know his Southerners.

MARYA MANNES continues her comments on the sounds and images that appear on her television screen. . . . The review of a curious and moving book that can do much to explain contemporary China is by *VIRGILIA PETERSON*, author of *Polish Profile*, *Beyond This Shore*, and moderator of the TV program "The Author Meets the Critics."

OUR NEXT ISSUE, which will appear in the last days of the Great Divide between the Democratic and Republican Administrations, will contain a historical appraisal of President Harry S. Truman by *ELMER DAVIS*, one of our keenest political observers, radio and TV commentator, and author. There will also be articles on leading figures in the new Administration and a report from *THEODORE WHITE*.

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MAX ASCOLI

The Other U.S.A.

WHAT may truly be called the new Canada was brought into existence by the same causes that made the United States the decisive power of the free world. Three world conflicts, two against German and one against Communist imperialism, have shifted the fulcrum of western power to the North American continent. This fact has made the United States into the powerhouse of democracy and has allowed Canada to attain an influence in world affairs well beyond its actual or potential wealth.

There is no international problem affecting the United States anywhere in the world that does not affect Canada too. Every decision demanded of the United States by the Communist threat in the Atlantic or in the Pacific is also demanded of Canada. Canada has been one of the prime movers of the Atlantic alliance, has troops in Europe as well as in Korea, is doing its share of Point Four, together with the Asian nations of the Commonwealth, in the Colombo Plan. At the same time, it is tied to the Old World by stronger and more visible ties than we are, and it is involved in every movement aimed at establishing unity among the nations of the old continent.

The new strength of Canada comes from two facts: It is the most robust of the middle-sized powers, and it is located on the North American continent right at our doorstep. Canada is doing much more than just me-tooing the United States, or adding small change for foreign assistance to every dollar we give away. Canada is a spokesman for the free nations of the world which have no reason to be suspicious of its strength or embarrassed by its bounty. As a middle-sized power, Canada frequently follows in the footsteps of the Yankee giant, but it is not isolated from the other nations by the self-consciousness of its power or of its wealth. Actually Canada is the natural leader of a sort of trade union of free nations which are frequently embarrassed or scared whenever they have to arrange an individual or collective bargain with the great Uncle Sam.

This state of affairs has given Canada the unique diplomatic potential from which—much more than from its economic potential—its leaders have derived such prestige.

Under the direction of such men as Mackenzie King, Louis St. Laurent, and Lester Pearson, Canadian diplomacy has become the most adept weaver of supranational fabrics. These fabrics have different names: Canadian-American partnerships, the Commonwealth, the Atlantic community, the Colombo Plan, the U.N. In each case, the Canadians know that the fabric must be woven in different patterns, with different materials. But whenever there is hard, imaginative work to be done on the warp and woof of the international community, Canadian diplomats are on the job.

Occasionally these statesmen talk to our representatives, if not like Dutch uncles, then like Dutch cousins. On the conduct of the Korean War, on the way the U.N. is treated by certain legislators and certain sections of American opinion, they say things that would bring them straight before a Congressional committee if they were U.S. citizens.

Whenever Canadian statesmen act as Uncle Sam's loyal Opposition, they do so in the firm belief that this is the best way both to live up to the confidence the free nations have in them and to serve the Canadian-American community of interest. The statesmen of Canada, like those of another U.S.A., suggest policies that our government for its own good could well follow. Canada derives great strength from the fact that it is the only one among all of America's allies that never asked for any bounty, any loan, or any Marshall aid. American dollars are flowing into Canada right now—but it is private capital in search of lucrative investments.

AS THE following article proves, there is the chance that the Canadians in their coming election may decide to slow down somehow all the weaving that Canadian diplomacy has been doing during the last few years. The Canadian voters too may think it is time for a change, and they may bring to power a new Government that may pull away from us—not far, of course, but enough to give us acute embarrassment. Obviously, the Canadian elections are none of our business, and not many Canadians who have become U.S. citizens will write relatives back home, urging them to vote one way or another.

Perhaps a switch to the right, a coming back into power of potentially tax-cutting or high-tariff Administrations in allied countries, is more likely from now on because of the example our own electorate has set. One may wonder whether our national interest would be served if our example were followed by the democracies on our side. It would be a terrible pity if Canadian foreign policy were to change its aims and slow down its work toward an international or supranational order. The other free nations of the world, as well as our new Republican Administration, would be the losers.

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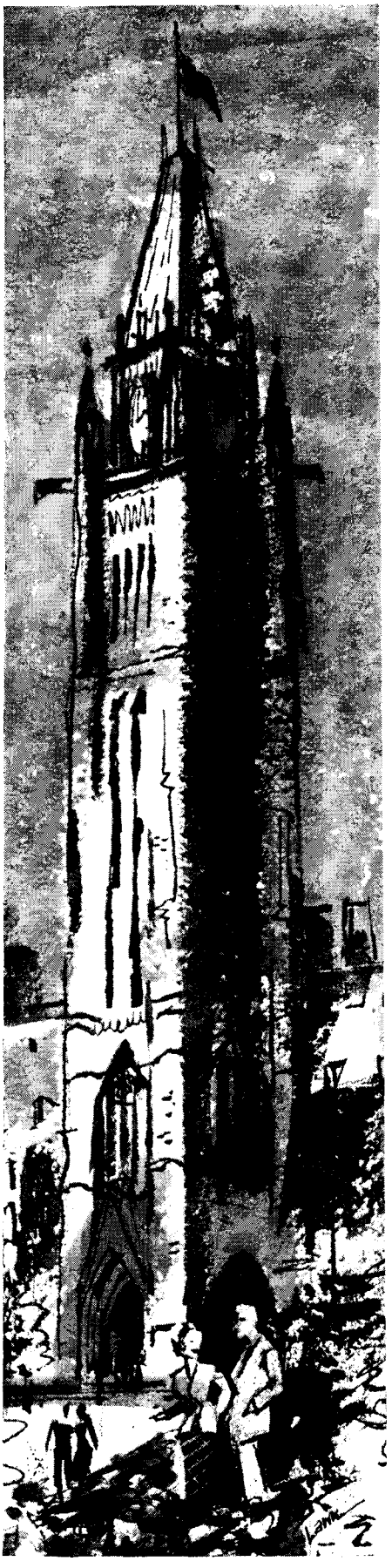

Peace Tower, Ottawa

'Time for a Change' In Canada?

BRUCE HUTCHISON

IN 1953, perhaps before midsummer, the Canadian Liberal Party, which has been in power since 1935, will again test the theory, disproved by the American people last November, that governments are never defeated in times of boom. But when the Canadian Liberal Government of Louis St. Laurent goes to the country this year it confidently expects to prolong a life that already has broken all records in the English-speaking world and has witnessed, if not produced, an economic and social revolution.

That revolution is not at stake in the coming election. But from the viewpoint of non-Canadians, something is involved that affects them more directly—a huge segment of the world's total trade, and in particular the future of business between Canada and the United States.

In economic and entirely nonpolitical terms, the Canadian voters' national decision at the next poll will be an international decision of major importance. No nation which buys or sells in Canada can escape being affected.

Least of all can the United States be indifferent. Many American industries are vitally dependent on Canadian raw materials, some not obtainable elsewhere, while many others are dependent on a Canadian market worth nearly $3 billion a year.

The election campaign now getting under way is the first serious trial of an outstanding Canadian leader. Up to now St. Laurent, having inherited the opulent political estate of the late W. L. Mackenzie King, and having faced no serious opposition, has never had to extend himself, and almost absent-mindedly has mastered the Canadian people as King never mastered them in thirty laborious years.

After little more than a decade in politics, St. Laurent, half French Canadian, half Irish, has acquired, in his seventy-first year, a reputation for simple, fatherly wisdom. But the "Uncle Louis" of the platform, with his genial manner, simple language, and courtly charm, has in reality one of the toughest minds now operating on the stage of world politics. The crisp terrier face and quick smile have hidden the real man. In Canadian terms, perhaps in North American terms, the real man is explained by his origin.

AS THE son of a French-Canadian father, St. Laurent belongs to a race that has sought to isolate itself since its so-called conquest in 1759. St. Laurent has led his people out of isolation, persuaded them for the first time to accept a military draft in wartime, proposed the North Atlantic Treaty long before it became practical politics, and plunged Canadian forces, with a full complement of French-Canadian volunteers, into Korea and Germany.

This quiet lawyer with little interest in politics, who was conscripted for a wartime job in Ottawa and then found himself, against his will and instincts, the leader of a party and a nation, has only one personal desire—to return home. St. Laurent has found, like many other statesmen, that he can't go home. He must lead into another election a Liberal Party that has won eleven elections since 1896 and lost only three. And now he knows for the first time that his mastery of Canada is challenged.

The next six months will not test

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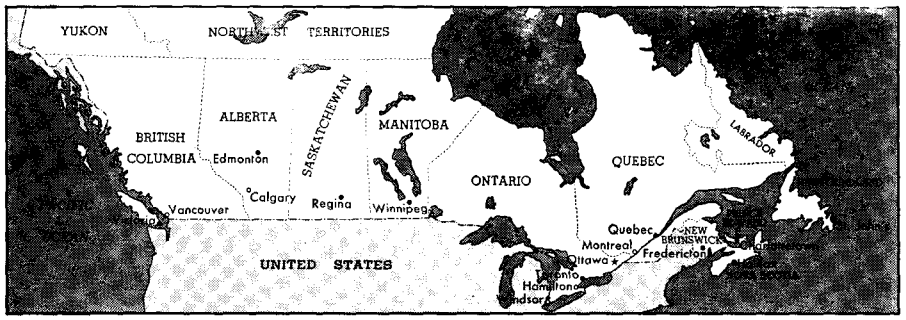

Starworth

St. Laurent's capacity as a manager of government. That has been proved. But, after the walk-over of his first election in 1949, he must prove in his second that he can also play politics—a different game.

From King's hands St. Laurent received the controls of a political juggernaut car. Rolling down the center of the road, it had flattened or pushed all competitors to the outer edges of Right and Left and, in the 1949 poll, with St. Laurent in charge, it gave the Liberal Party 193 of 262 parliamentary seats. Can St. Laurent do it again?

The answer which the electors will soon give to that question will concern the entire free world.

Young Giant

In most recent years Canada has been the world's third exporter and importer, and at the moment it is the fourth. It is also a major industrial nation. It is the United States' largest customer, chief foreign supplier of goods, and center of outside investment. Its living standard is second only to that of its neighbor. Its currency is the most valuable in the world. No other country of fourteen million has ever produced such a prodigy.

From the American and world viewpoint, the important question is not whether the Liberal Party can win its fifth consecutive election since 1935, or whether the Conservative Party can return at last from the wilderness, but what general line of policy the next Government, whatever its party coloration, will follow.

Canadian national politics has revolved around trade policy in nearly every peacetime election since the nation was founded in 1867. But only a few years ago the foreign business of Canada, the movement of its exports, imports, and currency, was peanuts in the world economy. Now Canada is producing more and more of the foodstuffs, minerals, and forest products for which the world is ravenous.

Where are these things to be sold, at what prices, under what restrictions? And where, in like volume, is Canada to buy? The policy of the St. Laurent Government is perfectly clear: It is the traditional nineteenth-century Liberal policy of maximum trade with minimum restrictions, governed by the day-to-day verdicts of the open market.

Not so much the principles as the actual results of the present policy are challenged by the Conservative Party, the official Opposition, with its forty-eight seats in the House of Commons; by the socialist Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, with its thirteen seats; and by the Social Credit Party, with ten.

No Canadian party admits that it is against abundant trade or for high tariffs, since the whole Canadian economy rests on huge exports of specialized products and corresponding imports. The issue that is emerging concerns the direction of that trade.

Canada was faced after the last war with a decline in its old sterling market overseas, and for a few months endured a desperate dollar shortage. It soon recovered and began to pile up record reserves of dollars by a gigantic new trade with the United States, spurred by the tariff reductions of the 1947 Geneva agreements.

Eggs and Baskets

The Government regards this escape from threatened bankruptcy as its supreme achievement. The Opposition parties all regard it as a dangerous concentration of Canada's resources in a single American basket, now taking more than half of all Canadian exports ($2.3 billion out of $3.9 billion in 1951).

George Drew, the dashing war veteran who leads the Conservative Party, has warned Parliament in recent weeks that much more than economic danger is centered in the American market, which may at any moment be reduced, he says, by a rise in tariffs under the incoming Republican Congress. He fears that Canada's future sovereignty is imperiled by economic dependence on the United States. The socialists, who disagree with Drew on everything else, echo his warning in a tone made shriller by their ideologi-

THE PEOPLE OF CANADA

Of Canada's 14 million people, about half are of English-speaking stock; approximately a third are French-speaking descendants of the original French colonists; and the remainder have nearly all come to Canada from European countries in fairly recent years.

Of the 1951 population of 14,009,429, 11,949,518 were born in Canada. The French-speaking population grew from 60,000 in 1763 to 4,319,162 in 1951; the English-speaking population—only 8,000 in 1763—has been augmented by large numbers from the British Isles and the United States. In 1951, 194,390 immigrants were admitted to Canada under the selective non-quota policy now in force. The earlier European immigrants to Canada settled mainly in the prairie provinces, where most of them have been absorbed into the English-speaking population. The recently admitted 70,000 European D.P.s have settled in all provinces, the largest number in Ontario.

In 1900, Canada was chiefly an agricultural country, but today only 786,196 of the 5,286,153 employed work on farms, and one-third of the people live in the twelve principal cities of Canada. About seventy per cent of the population lives within one hundred miles of the U.S. border, with the greatest concentrations in the industrial areas of Ontario and Quebec.

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cal distrust of American capitalism. So do the Social Crediters, heretics in their monetary theories but orthodox protectionists.

The issue, then, is simply whether the enormous trade of Canada should be diverted, at least in large part, out of the United States and into Britain, the Commonwealth, and the sterling area.

This question was at issue back in the 1930's, when the last Conservative Government was the main architect of the Ottawa Treaty system, designed to seal the Commonwealth and Empire off from the rest of the world's business.

Now the traditional Conservative high-tariff policy is being presented in a new version. Where his predecessor, R. B. Bennett, stood for high tariffs against everybody, for minimum imports of all sorts and the utmost measure of national self-sufficiency, Drew denies that he would restrict trade in general. He would only divert some of it across the Atlantic and out of a mercurial American market—by methods not yet fully revealed. At the same time—and this is far more significant to American industry—he would restrict the exports of Canadian raw materials and try to concentrate their manufacture at home.

The Government is perfectly content to fight it out on these issues. If it is pressed seriously enough in the next few months the Government may dissolve Parliament immediately and take its case to the people. For the Government believes, rightly or wrongly, that the people will never surrender the rich American market for any possible sterling market. It considers the American market as reliable as anything can be in this kind of world, even with the Republicans back in power.

The Government holds that the proposed forcible diversion of trade back across the Atlantic would be a denial of geography and sane economics. Such a change, it says, could be accomplished only by drastic new barriers against American imports and devastating American retaliation against Canada. It regards the theory of a restricted Commonwealth and Empire trade zone as economic lunacy of the most dangerous sort. In short, prices and competition, not government intervention, must govern the flow of goods if that flow is to be abundant and profitable.

Just the same, the creeping protectionism of the American Congress and the sharp warning of recent U.S. dairy import restrictions could not help but embarrass any Canadian Government largely relying on the American market. Congress, if it persists in such policies, will greatly strengthen the Canadian Opposition.

Although trade is by far the most important election issue, it will not necessarily be the decisive one. Foreign trade indirectly touches every Canadian voter's purse, but he is not always aware of it. He is aware, acutely and often violently, of taxes, which touch his purse directly and brutally.

Without doubt the largest liability that St. Laurent carries into the greatest fight of his life is his budget of $4.5 billion, his tax rates, and the heavy revenue surpluses he has been piling up steadily for years. The Opposition is scoring substantially with its demands for economy, its charges of waste in the $2.2-billion defense program and elsewhere, its assertion that, since the Government has collected far more than it has spent since the war, it is not to be praised for its prudence but condemned for the crime of overtaxation.

ST. LAURENT denies these indictments, and is proud that his Government is one of the few in the world now reducing debt. He has promised not to increase expenditures, but cannot see how to cut them significantly, although he may be able to squeeze at least a token tax reduction out of his next budget.

Drew has also raised that perennial issue of any federal system, the rights of the sovereign provincial governments, which, he says, are being stifled by an expanding central power. The socialists are concentrating on their demand for national health insurance. The Social Crediters preach their doctrine of the good society built on the management of the money system.

These subsidiary issues will hardly cut much ice. Taxes and trade, among the oldest issues of Canadian life, again are at the top of the agenda.

It includes another item just as impossible to calculate in Canada as it was in the United States—the public will for a change after so many years of Liberal rule. On that item Drew counts heavily. If the two-party system were in good working order, he probably could assume a Conservative victory by the system's natural rotation. The two-party system is not in good order. It has not been in good order since the depression ruined the last Conservative

Louis St. Laurent

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THE CANADIAN BOOM

Keystones of Canada's economic growth are the plentiful resources of its soil, forests, fur animals, fisheries, and minerals. Canada ranks first in world production of nickel, platinum, and asbestos; second in gold aluminum, cadmium, selenium, and uranium; third in zinc and silver; fourth in copper and lead.

Oil, iron ore, and hydroelectric power are the chief new factors in Canada's expanding economy. Since 1946, $1 billion has been invested in oil development, and production has increased to eight times the 1947 level. The Labrador-Quebec iron deposits are considered at least as great as the famous Mesabi supply. Tied to cheap and plentiful hydroelectric power is Canada s production of aluminum, which by 1954 should equal that of the rest of the world.

Canada, the fourth trading country in the world, derives about one-third of its national income from exports. In 1951, Canada bought $4.103 billion of foreign goods, of which $2.848 billion were from the United States.

In 1951, domestic capital investment was officially valued at $4.581 billion, while foreign investmen's in Canada reached $9.4 billion of which $7.2 billion was of U.S. origin. New investments, however, are now largely Canadian.

Government in 1935. Today the Opposition is split among three parties, and the latest arrival, Social Credit, is candidly attempting to kidnap the Conservative Party throughout the West. It has succeeded in Alberta and is apparently making considerable progress in British Columbia.

Recently a new, dramatic, and quite incalculable factor entered politics in the form of an unexpected Royal Commission report. In brief, it found a grave breakdown in the administration of army supplies, indicted the Government for loose management, and gave the official Opposition precisely the ammunition it desired for the next election. The first public scandal since the beginning of the last war has been handed piping hot to the Government's critics, who already are using it with powerful effect among a public that has constantly been told that the Government was wasting its money. Thus St. Laurent has been confronted with the first real crisis of his career.

Subarctic Calm

Outwardly the Canadian election will not resemble the last American one in the least. For one thing, St. Laurent carries none of the legacy of bitterness inherited by Stevenson from Truman. No figure comparable to Eisenhower in public appeal has challenged the Government. In any case, Canada never manages to generate either the anger, the excitement, or the exaltation of American elections. The Canadian, a subarctic species, prefers his politics served cold.

Behind the present confusion of party lines stand the solid and enduring regional facts of Canadian politics.

Geographically and economically Canada is split into four zones: The Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, relatively poor but proud, are dependent on the production of raw materials from forest, sea, mine, and farm. The central zone of Ontario and Quebec is largely urban and industrialized, living on the manufacturing complex of the St. Lawrence Basin. The prairies, between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, are primarily producers of foodstuffs, though there have lately been new mineral discoveries in the north in addition to the fabulous oil fields of Alberta. British Columbia, the California of Canada, has forests, minerals, fisheries, factories, and small farm areas and is becoming one of the most prosperous regions in the world.

Those four zones usually generate separate political pressures. The art of Canadian government consists largely in compromising these pressures within national parties, each being actually a congeries of conflicting groups.

From the Maritimes comes the pressure for lower tariffs, since this zone manufactures few goods and wants to buy them at the lowest price elsewhere. Alternatively it demands subsidies, visible or hidden, to compensate it for a national policy which tends to separate it from its natural markets in the United States.

Industrial Quebec and Ontario (though not the rural areas of these provinces) have always been the major forces behind the tariff because it concentrates the nation's wealth there.

The prairies, historically, are the home of the free-trade farmer, but by splitting his vote among four parties, he has weakened his old political strength.

British Columbia politics, now in a state of wild derangement, contain conflicting and almost equal pressures for more trade and more protectionism.

THIS ROUGH map hardly begins to indicate the subtler pressures cutting across the economic zones. More important than any economic consideration is the basic and perpetual division of Canadian race. Around it all national politics revolves. The paramount task of Canadian government, under any leader or party, is to hold French- and English-speaking Canada in equilibrium. St. Laurent's career, for example, is built mainly on his ability, as a French Canadian respected outside Quebec, to effect that equilibrium.

No party can rule Canada without some strength in Quebec. That fact is not only emotional but mathe-

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matical, since Quebec will hold seventy-five seats in the next Parliament, which will probably total 265 members.

THE PRIMAL fact of race balance generally confuses the foreigner. Why, he asks at once, has Quebec voted solidly Liberal for the last fifty-six years, except in two elections, when it is by tradition, religion, and racial instinct perhaps the most profoundly conservative community in North America?

The reason was a half-crazy rebel, Louis Riel, hanged by a Conservative Government in a Saskatchewan jailyard on November 16, 1885, after two prairie rebellions. Since Riel came of French stock, his execution made a furious Quebec vote Liberal from then on. Before this ancient wound was healed, the conscription policy of a Conservative Government in the First World War raised such ire that it has defeated Conservative candidates in French Canada to this day.

In terms of political arithmetic, Drew's problem (which only two Conservative leaders have solved in this century) is to break into Quebec, Canada's Solid South. No Conservative will deny that patent necessity. Nor will any Conservative pretend that to break into Quebec against St. Laurent, a French Canadian, is other than a formidable task, even though St. Laurent supported conscription in the last war.

This is not to say that the St. Laurent Government is safe because it can hold most of Quebec. For it is true in reverse that any Government based on the pillar of a solid Quebec must have widespread strength elsewhere. If Drew's problem lies in Quebec, St. Laurent's lies in English-speaking Canada, chiefly in the most populous and powerful Province of Ontario, where the election probably will be decided.

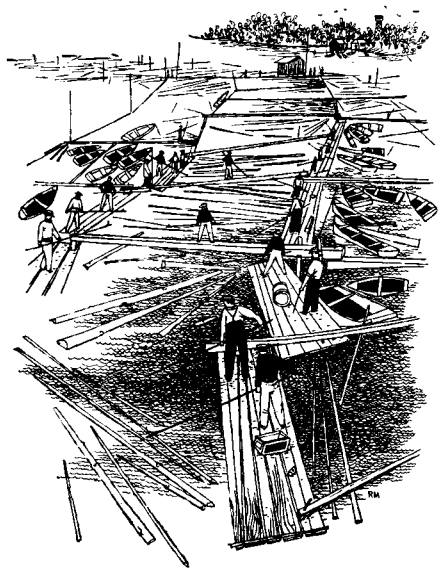
The decision need not be clear-cut. If Drew can overcome the three-way split in the Opposition vote and carry enough seats outside Quebec, he can destroy the Liberal majority, huge as it is, without securing anything like a majority of his own. In the Canadian system there is always the mathematical chance of stalemate when minor regional parties like the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and Social Credit are in the field. Stalemate and uneasy government followed the First World War for some five years until Mackenzie King and the Liberals quietly devoured a powerful Western farmers' party.

In short, St. Laurent has to hold Quebec and at least sixty seats outside it to hold a majority. Drew, unless he penetrates the French-Canadian citadel, must sweep most of the rest of the nation. If either of these leaders fails, stalemate will result, and then there must be a coalition of some sort, followed by a fundamental realignment of political groups.

King's Great Heresy

Behind the hard facts of politics, and still more durable, stands the social and industrial revolution of Mackenzie King's long reign. It is durable because it is no longer a political issue.

When the Liberal Party chose King as its leader in 1919 it unsuspectingly installed a heretic in office. The party had been based from its beginning on Manchester Liberalism of the old-fashioned variety, on Adam Smith, Gladstone, and the iron laws of the open market.



By Liberal Party standards of those times King was almost a dangerous revolutionary. He distrusted the market. He hated big business. He believed that unrestricted competition must debase any society and lead to wars between nations. His dream was a welfare state a generation before the term became popular. Slowly, with alternating advances and retreats, with inconsistencies innumerable, with a bag of policy spacious enough to hold men of opposite views, he produced the welfare state of modern Canada.

No politician is shooting at that Santa Claus today, not even the crustiest Tory.

NEVERTHELESS, the forthcoming election is significant for a reason seldom noted—it marks a definite pause in the march begun by King.

The welfare state so far has included a massive burden: children's allowances, the most generous in the world; universal old-age pensions; floor prices and subsidies for farmers and fishermen; unemployment insurance; and, beneath all these social services, the mechanism of a government-managed money system designed to keep the economy balanced by the general theories of Lord Keynes. These revolutionary changes all have been grafted so smoothly to Canadian society that they are now taken as a matter of course.

But one item on King's program, also a plank in St. Laurent's 1949 platform, is missing. The Government, after years of planning, has

CANADA'S GOVERNMENT

Canada is a federation of ten provinces united under a central government. Queen Elizabeth II is the head of the Canadian state, and the Governor General is the Queen's representative. He cannot act except on the advice of the Canadian Prime Minister. Canada's formal link with Britain is thus with the Crown and not with the United Kingdom government.

The 102 members of the Senate are appointed by the Governor-General on the advice of the Prime Minister and hold office for life. The people of Canada elect the 262 members of the House of Commons from the majority party, of which the Government and Cabinet are formed. Nominally, members of the House of Commons are elected for five years.

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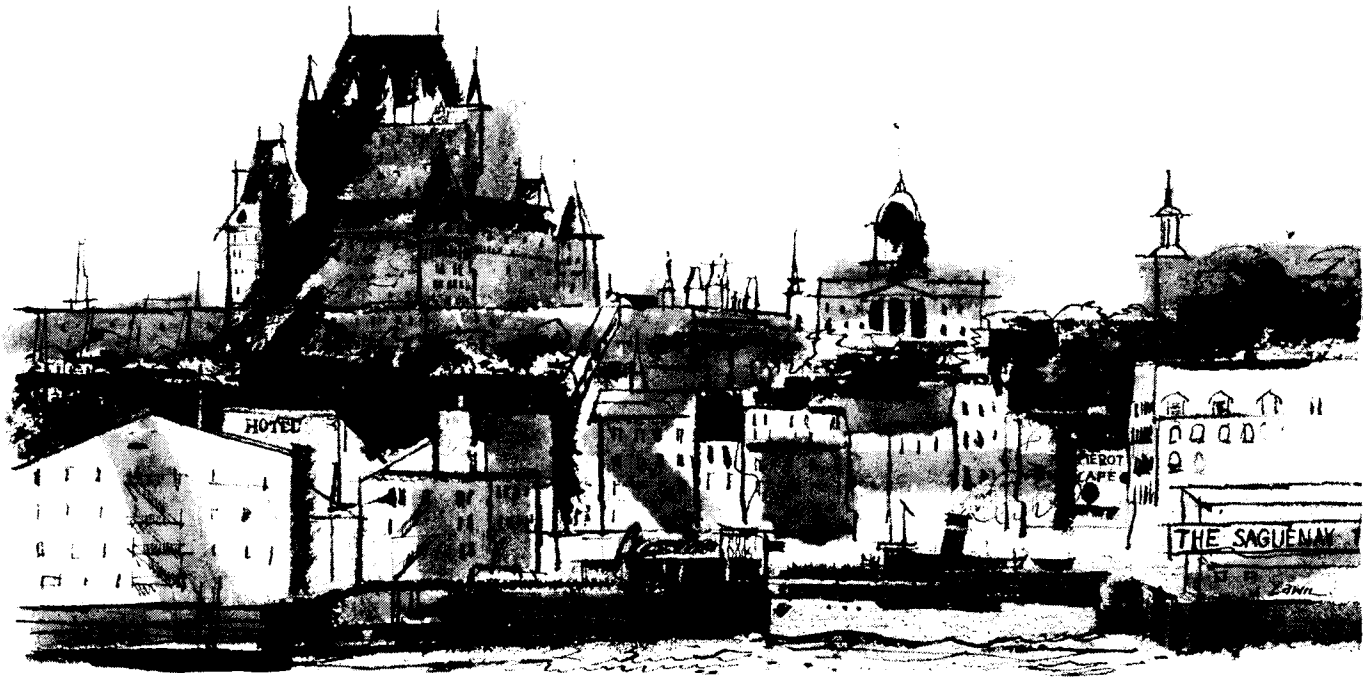

suddenly decided to postpone indefinitely its scheme of national health insurance.

Its reasons ostensibly are technical and fiscal. The scheme, says the Government, would cost too much in taxes and would overburden the medical and hospital system.

Much deeper forces are at work here. In the test and symbol of health insurance, St. Laurent has plainly indicated his own inner thoughts and the election calculations of his party managers. He and they have concluded that Canada has had all the welfare state that it can support or will tolerate, certainly until the tax drain of rearmament eases.

For the first time since King took office in 1921, the state's perpetual advance into the economic system has been arrested. The Government —especially after noting the American election—is convinced that the Canadian people need a pause for digestion, and that, short of war, they will not pay more taxes for any purpose whatever.

The Military Dollar

War, or the possibility of it, is of course the core of Canadian foreign policy, but that policy is not an election issue. The Conservative Party, the C.C.F., and the Social Credit Party think the Government is inclined to pay too much attention to Washington and not enough to London. No party and no significant political pressure group objects to rearmament or to Canada's full involvement in the North Atlantic alliance, even if the Opposition thinks the Government is wasting money recklessly in the process.

On the contrary, what secretly worries Canadians today is a fear that their country may not be doing enough for the alliance in terms of manpower, money, and weapons. Before the election the Government will have to satisfy Parliament and the people that it is getting enough for the taxpayer's defense dollar. The Government thinks it is getting enough, and that, considering the Opposition's attacks on high taxes, it is politically impossible at present to increase the defense budget of $2.2 billion.

Behind what seem to be the fundamentals of Canadian life stands a fact still more fundamental, coloring all the acts of government under any party—the fact of Canada's position in geography and history.

Geographically, Canada has realized only lately that it lies directly between the United States and Russia in the air age. Historically it has always stood between Britain and the United States and has nearly always been considered their mutual interpreter—in Winston Churchill's phrase, the "linchpin of world peace."

Such a position may be respectable but is never comfortable. It means that any serious disagreement between Britain and the United States must tear the spiritual fabric of Canada apart. Hence Canada's constant and anxious interest in the policies of its two great partners in the fields of finance, economics, and defense. Hence its frequent impatience, usually not public, with both partners. And hence also the growing problem of a growing nation in asserting its increased stature in the joint affairs of the free world without allowing the reach of its own policies to exceed the grasp of its actual power.

All these things combined on the surface and under the surface of politics bring Canada to the eve of a vital election in a curious mood. It is compounded of unprecedented wealth and yet a sense of frustration, fear of governmental corruption, resistance to high taxes, and deep worry about the future. The final fact seems to be that Canadians, masters of technical process, good economic managers, and able in their politics, have not yet realized either their good fortune in a world of poverty or the precarious foundation on which their well-being rests. But what Canada has not yet realized it has started feeling—and this feeling makes for restlessness.

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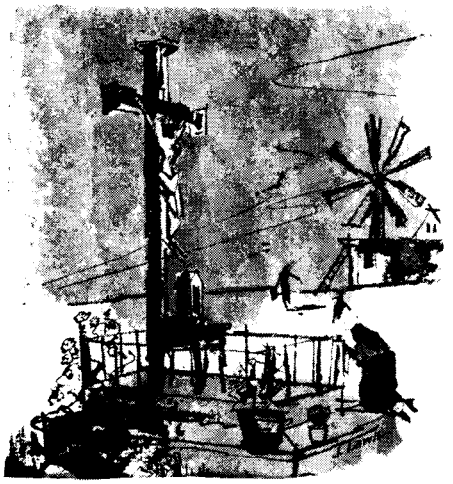
Self-Examination And Self-Consciousness



WALTER O'HEARN

IN TERMS of American culture, Canada has just reached the age of William Dean Howells. The United States of the late nineteenth century, suddenly made aware that its culture was in large part derivative, responded with a series of isolated and undirected outcries, and eventually blundered into native forms of expression.

The Canadians, being a different people, a sober and committee-minded people, have been approaching the problem in a different way. In 1949 they set up a Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. The Commission's roster was studded with lofty academic names. Its chairman, Vincent Massey, a scholar and diplomat with a reputation for resolute high-mindedness, has since become Canada's Governor General.

Two years and many meetings later the Commission handed in a report of 150,000 words, with an appendix of almost equal length. Typically enough, the report began with a quotation from St. Augustine's *City of God:* "A nation is an association of reasonable beings united in a peaceful sharing of the things they cherish; therefore, to determine the quality of a nation, you must consider what those things are."

Typically, too, the report showed a vast concern with the influences of the United States: ". . . our population stretches in a narrow and not even continuous ribbon along the frontier—fourteen millions along a five thousand mile front. In meeting influences from across the border as pervasive as they are friendly, we have not even the advantages of what soldiers call defence in depth."

American influences were not condemned outright. It was admitted that many institutions "essential to the equipment of a modern nation" could not have been set up without American aid. Gifts, grants, technical equipment, books, periodicals, recordings, scholarships – all were given their due, but with the wry observation, ". . . . it may be fair to inquire whether we have gained a little too much."

Some factors that offset these benefits were noted in detail:

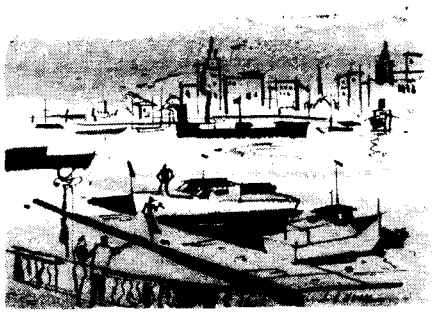
Item: "In consideration of American generosity in educating her citizens, Canada 'sells down south' as many as 2,500 professional men and women a year."

Item: "Canada by her too great dependence on American fellowships . . . has starved her own universities, which lack not only money but the community of scholarship essential to the best work."

Item: The combined circulation of Canadian magazines in Canada is forty-two million. The combined circulation of United States periodicals in Canada exceeds eighty-six million.

"Culturally we have feasted on the bounty of our neighbors," the Commissioners observed, "and then we ask plaintively what is wrong with our progress in the arts."

It is not the purpose of this article to dissect the Massey Report. It is in many ways an excellent document, and it has had, in the year and a half since its publication, some specific results, among them increased Federal grants to universities, greater subsidies to Canada's excellent publicly owned broadcasting system, and more independence for the National Gallery.



The peculiar relevance of the Massey Report in this context is that it has given force and direction to a great surge of national self-consciousness. It has also given the official seal to this type of self-examination, and that is peculiarly important to Canadians.

Northern Eggheads

True, a good deal of the soul-searching has been confined to the class of people characterized as "eggheads" in the American Presidential campaign. This was not unnatural, since the Massey Commissioners themselves were as typical eggheads as one could discover.

If the egghead as a type has a besetting fault, it is the notion that great reforms, cultural and otherwise, can be built from the top down. In justification, it can be argued that ideas, at least, do enter the national consciousness in that way, slowly filtering down from a rarefied level.

Evidence of this process was a peculiar four-cornered controversy that occurred last year in various Canadian publications.

Bruce Hutchison had written in a U.S. magazine that Canadians were "the world's unequaled dead-

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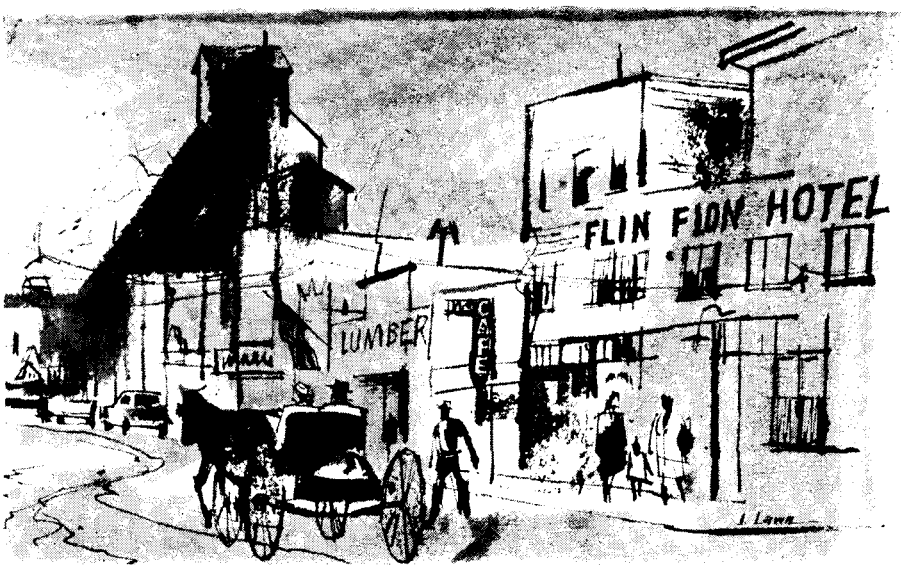

pans" and that they had come to nationhood by a process "obscure, amorphous and drab."

Hugh MacLennan, author of at least three distinguished novels about Canadian life, got in his contribution. Canadians lived, he wrote, "under the tyranny of the Sunday suit." Eric Nicol, a Canadian humorist, described his countrymen as slow to see a joke.

At this, Leslie Roberts, a popular writer for years on both sides of the border, leaped into print. He publicly wondered "what kind of company the gentlemen keep when they are not sitting staring at their typewriters," and described his own happy "adult life spent in company that has never been dull nor drab, and has been free of deadpans."

Roberts, from the evidence of his writings, has fewer neuroses, cultural or otherwise, than a longshoreman. Yet the peculiarly defensive tone of his reply was in its own way as indicative of cultural nervousness as the more damning admissions of his literary peers.

CANADA'S problem, or its imagined problem, is not as new as it may think. Other peoples have struggled from a stage of cultural colonialism to one of cultural maturity. Yet Canada has perhaps more than its share of competing pressures: on the one side, what is still called by many Canadians "the Mother Country," with its rich past, its ties of loyalty, sentiment, social prestige; on the other, an aggressive, masterful society, once itself a cultural fief, but now noisily independent and appealing to the Canadian rank and file by its very accent and manner.

Lower-Case culture

When Canadians forget about Culture with a capital "C" and turn to the lower-case aspect of their national spirit, they do achieve a kind of cultural wholeness. A Saturday-afternoon university football game in Montreal or Toronto in early autumn is not very different on the surface from a like spectacle in any city south of the border. There are the helmeted players on the cross-lined field, the benches and the blankets, the drum majorettes and bands and cheer leaders. Look at your lineups and you are likely to see evidence of the same mélange of national origins as in the United States.

Yet immediately below the surface there is a vast difference between this Canadian version of an old American custom and the original. Part of it is in the crowds. They jump to their feet and yell at appropriate moments, but they are not quite American crowds. They resemble not so much an English soccer crowd as Edinburgh assembled to watch the Rugger. In a subtle manner the crowd is more relaxed than its United States equivalent would be.

All this, it should be mentioned, began in frank imitation. The game of ice hockey is a more home-grown manifestation of popular culture, yet it too is derivative. If the bored English aides-de-camp of an early Governor General had not taken the game of field hockey and adapted it to skates and a frozen pond, there might have been no Canadian national pastime.

ONE of the troubles, or imaginary troubles, that beset Canadians is that they tend to think of culture in narrower terms than football or hockey or popular journalism. Fortunately an increasing number of culture-conscious Canadians are coming to realize that all this doesn't matter as big a damn as they once thought and as the Massey Commission thought. A people will develop its own caliber and quality and choose and reject its influences.

A case in point is the government of the Province of Quebec. That government is headed by Maurice Duplessis, in whom the attitudes of an old-style Southern Governor are blended with a dash of Gallic *esprit*. Last summer his government felt impelled to lecture its people on the abandonment of their folkways. The lecture was long overdue. Quebec innkeepers, motelkeepers, and proprietors of roadside stands, animated by understandable but weirdly expressed desires to make American tourists feel at home, had virtually destroyed all those elements in their own life that had attracted the tourists' curiosity. Moreover, they had done it badly, replacing old, simple architecture with juke-box decor and color schemes running strongly to lavender and bright metal. Le Faisan d'Or and Le Coq Rouge had become Marcel's Rooms and the Luxor Cabins. Quebec cookery, unequaled in its sphere, had yielded to the hot dog and canned soup. If the results had even been good American, a case might have been made. It was, however, a drab and tawdry attempt to simulate the worst elements of the tourists' homeland.

So now Quebec is attempting to reassert its Norman ancestry and to change its motels back to *auberges*. But even here a caution must be given: Don't be too damned quaint. For Quebec, once a proud backwater, is now a giant in the throes of an industrial revolution. There is nothing quaint about that.

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Main Street In Saskatchewan

NOEL MOSTERT

MAIN STREET is grassroots in Canada in much the same way it is in the United States. It is the common denominator of the people. Yet for all its similarity in appearance to its counterpart south of the border, Main Street, Canada, has a personality definitely its own. One might say, by way of comparison, that it has the easy cordiality of an English pub tempered with the same dash of polite reserve, and without the measure of breezy fellowship of the average American town.

As an example, take a walk down Main Street in Davidson, Saskatchewan, which has features common to all Canadian small towns, but also has others peculiar to itself, and some borrowed of necessity from its region. The region, in fact, dominates all thinking in Davidson. Whether the issue be personal, domestic, or international, it is seen in relation to the fact that Davidson is supported by the grain farmers who contributed in 1952 toward production of the largest crop in Canadian history. Their prosperity or failure also is Davidson's.

Because of this, the town's thinking is haunted. The ghosts are the memories of the depression; they are fearsome apparitions, and their raiment is the spiral of a dust squall. Even in the midst of plenty, the townsfolk seem to look beyond the riffles of the wind in the summer wheat, and to feel again the grit on their teeth and the surging despair of a wasting land.

They are too far from the metropolitan areas to laugh at the past, too far to be vain over the most respected Canadian dollar on record, too alone to wink confidently at the future.

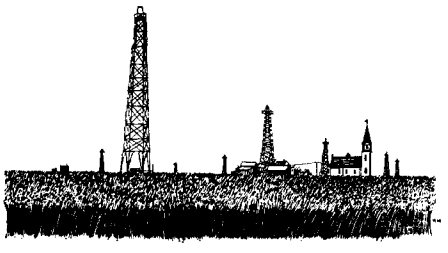
Davidson, population eight hundred, has broad streets, mock-brick façades, weathered frame stores bright with the happy synthetic smiles of Coke and Pepsi signs, and seven huge grain elevators, rising like temples of pagan worship. The whole floats loosely on the yellow billows of the central prairies.

All Davidson goes to square dances, fowl suppers, and church bazaars; it donates generously to those purveyors of inhibition to the uninhibited—the African missions; laughs at its lack of modern plumbing; and takes its poetry from such symbols as the arrowing flight of geese in autumn.

The Prairie Sea

Davidson has its memorial to the two wars, where a tiny gathering meets on Remembrance Day; two of the district's sons are volunteers in Korea with the Canadian forces; and in the town's single beer parlor Air Force and Army recruiting posters beckon the eligible generation to drop around, as their elder brothers and their fathers did.

The town's physical detachment from the rest of the world is emphasized if one arrives after dark, as I did. Riding across the prairies on the main highway that links Saskatchewan's largest cities, Regina and Saskatoon, on which Davidson is the mid-point, is like approaching the



English Channel after the great emptiness of the Atlantic and seeing the clustered lights of distant ships. Towns slide across the horizon and then slip back. Between them is utter night.

Being one for refreshment and conviviality after a tiring journey, I thought I would try the beer parlor. But the primness of the table groups seemed an affront to the frontiersmen who had passed through the town a generation ago. This and the fact that I don't like beer anyway drove me to a soft-drink counter.

I found myself in pleasant company: Bob Norris, a Second World War Air Force veteran and now a garageman, and Hugh Carrigan, a lusty, energetic seventeen-year-old who works on the provincial highways by day and likes, apparently, to express his forceful views at night. Norris is a serious, poised chap who considers his words well, and our conversation kept at an agreeable amble.

WE SPOKE of taxes first. "Well," Norris said. "I guess the Government will give us a break because there's an election coming up. Look how they've piled these surpluses up year after year. But we go on paying as before, and the living goes up. I don't care whether the province has the power or whether it's Ottawa that has all the say in taxing us. It comes to the same; a tax is a tax. I know we've got to rearm and pull our weight, but if the load's too much we've got to cut it down. Our own stability comes first."

He added, after some thought, "If this is prosperity, what's it going to be like if we get poor again? If the crops go punk? Will our arms be

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worth anything when our economy's shot?"

Carrigan zoomed out on a thought stream of his own. "Yeah, those Yanks sure have the life. I get a quarter of what a guy doing my job in the States gets. You go down there. They complain like hell, but look at the wages they get, and I swear it costs less to live there. Here a guy gets thirty bucks a week and he thinks he's lucky, and eating costs pretty near as much as it does in the States. Jeez, Mister, it ain't right."

He continued. "The Americans always think they know everything. A lot of them pass through here in the summer and they get mad because we don't have the draft. They ask me, 'Aren't you going into the Army?' But if you ask *them,* they never know what *we* are doing. Most times they just think Canada's a colony of England's. They talk a lot but they never get their points straight."

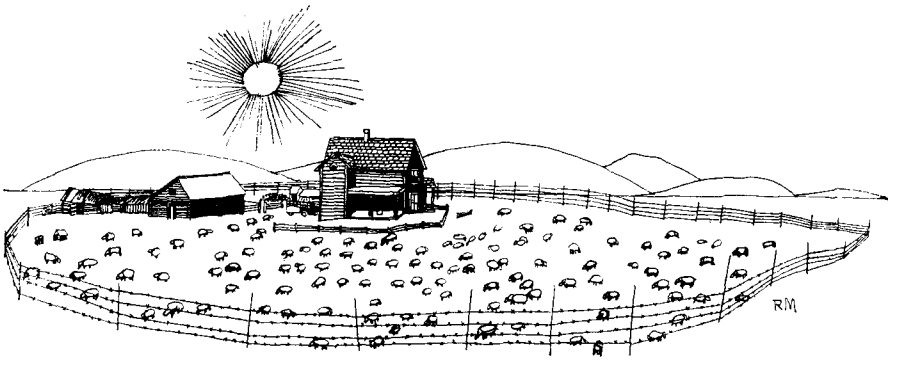
Norris said, "Well, you get a lot of bums but you get a lot more of the good Joes. They're an easy lot on the whole. We depend on the Americans, and they'd be stuck without us. If there's a war, we'd be together anyway."

"If there's a war I'll join the Air Force. Rat-tat-tat-tat!" Carrigan said, spraying the room with imaginary machine-gun fire. Norris smiled indulgently. There had been a time when he had also played rat-tat-tat-tat.

Political Spectrum

Personalities are usually more important than political parties in a small community. Davidson is no exception. Davidson's closeness to the realities of a world that is simply hungry, and the complications often attendant on satisfying that hunger in spite of full crops, are well expressed by its Member of the Ottawa Parliament, Conservative John G. Diefenbaker. He has fought vigorously to overcome trade restrictions imposed by the currency difficulties, especially within the British Commonwealth.

Saskatchewan Province is administered by a Commonwealth Cooperative Federation (better known as C.C.F.) government. It is the only



socialist government on the continent. Davidson itself gives its qualified allegiance to three of the Canadian parties. Its district sends a Liberal to the provincial legislature, while Conservative Diefenbaker, of course, speaks for it nationally. Provincially and nationally, the C.C.F. grabs a good share of the votes.

Diefenbaker is one of two Canadian Parliamentarians who have publicly criticized Senator McCarthy's methods as a threat to the continent, and he is recognized as one of Canada's most determined fighters for human rights and the welfare of man. A brilliant criminal lawyer, he often sounds more like a British Labour backbencher than a capitalist stalwart.

STRANGELY, Davidson may now put its weight on the other end of the political seesaw as a result of a Federal redistribution of seats which goes into effect with the next election. The town was chopped out of Diefenbaker's district and included in that of national C.C.F. leader M. J. Coldwell, also a Parliamentary critic of McCarthy.

This will call for a switch in affections which John Vopni, editor and owner of the Davidson *Leader*, a weekly, believes will be handled realistically.

"We usually vote for the man and not the party," he said. "We believe in a strong Opposition as much we do in an effective Government. The two are inseparable.

"If we vote Socialist that doesn't mean to say that we *are* socialists. The same applies to our views on the Saskatchewan government, whether we support it or not. We gave them a trial in the province, and even those who don't vote for them are happy with a lot of the things they have done. We have learned to distinguish between socialism and the value of social legislation—something that this whole continent will have to learn sooner or later."

Party Conversation

Vopni, a large, white-haired man who has just been defeated after ten years as Liberal mayor of the town, owns Davidson's movie house and its hotel as well as its paper. As one-man selection committee of the movies shown he is, in a manner of speaking, arbiter of local taste. "When I bought the cinema," he told me, "the people used to go for nothing but Westerns. But I have educated them to take prestige pictures like 'Samson and Delilah' and 'The Chocolate Soldier.' "

He also does most of the writing in the *Leader,* which he bought during the depression and kept alive by trading subscriptions for chickens. It remains completely local in flavor.

I selected the following as a typical front-page item: "Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Bygrave were privileged while in Ottawa to attend the opening of Parliament on Nov. 20 due to the fact that Mr. Bygrave is provincial legislative representative for the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways maintenance of way forces. The opening was held in the Senate chamber building due to the fact the throne is located there. Following the opening Mr. and Mrs. Bygrave received tickets to attend the 'at home' accorded by the speaker and Madame Beauregard, which was held in the speaker's chambers. At this function they met many of the Dominion's notables and also former acquaintances and a nice time was spent."

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"I never write political editorials," Vopni told me. "I'm Liberal, my neighbor is Conservative, and one of my best advertisers is a C.C.F. member."

Vopni invited me to a tea-supper party at his home. Among those in the group were Davidson's lawyer and Crown Counsel, M. J. Coxworth, as well as a leading businessman of the town, who said that he didn't want to be quoted.

Discussion was varied, the news sources for the topics being equally divided between the Regina and Saskatoon dailies and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which patterns its programming on the BBC with nightly round-ups of comment and criticism by correspondents scattered from London to New Zealand.

Coxworth gave us an anecdote which he thought brought the Cominform split right home to Davidson. He had recently handled two applications by district residents for settlement of legal affairs in Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia respectively. The Yugoslavs charged two dollars for handling their end of the deal, but the Czechs sent in a bill for seventeen for doing the same sort of thing. "Just shows who's the friendlier," Coxworth remarked.

The question of relations with America came up, and Vopni said:

"I like Americans. We've got no argument with them, except when they pick one with us. Some people hate the sight of them. Personally, I think it's a matter of experience. Take the hotel owner in the next town. He says they steal all his towels and ashtrays. But again, he makes good money out of them in the summer when they pass through to the Alaska Highway, so it's fifty-fifty."

Wheat Fixation

Davidson is very much concerned over the outcome of the International Wheat Agreement meeting in Washington this month. In fact, renewal of the agreement with favorable terms—upward revision of the minimum prices—will be as welcome, if not more so, than whatever tax cuts the government offers this year. Wheat prices are a much more pressing topic than the possibility of a major oil discovery in the area, which the locals sometimes feel interests the Federal and provincial governments more.

The town doesn't favor dealing in chance, which is what it thinks of oil. And oil in Canada has meant one of the biggest national booms in history, focusing as it has American interest on the development of Canada's natural resources.

The townsfolk could be said to be interested but not greatly concerned over the fact that Canadian production is increasing at the rate of two per cent per annum, or that in the past four years the Canadian workers' average savings have been ten times those in Britain.

THE matter was summed up by sixty-eight-year-old Jock Wilson, a sturdy Scot who still wears a cap, and who is manager and secretary of the Davidson Co-operative, the oldest on the continent. He has lived in the town since 1904.

Wilson's Co-operative has no accumulated capital. Any member of the community gains membership by trading there, or by depositing cash on account, which draws interest at the rate of four per cent.

The Co-op expects to pay a dividend of six per cent this year, which would be the largest in its history. Wheat production in the Davidson district averaged thirty bushels an

acre last year, compared to a normal of seventeen. Final receipts will run from $5,000 for smallholders to $40,000 for the larger producers.

"This is always next year's country, and we think along those lines," Jock said. "If we are prosperous this year, we can't be sure of the same thing next season. We have lived through cycles, and we expect them to alternate."

This statement gave him inspiration for reflection on the state of Canada as a whole. "You can't get away from it, this is still a young man's country. I wish to God I could live for another hundred years right here."

He shook his finger at me. "Executive brains have not made Canada's success. Nor government policies. They have contributed, yes. I don't deny that. What's worrying me is that they are *thinking* that we owe it all to them. The fact is that Canada's own momentum carried us forward. And if we're going to continue we've got to get rid of the Amos and Andy executives. . . ."

Wilson was clear on an essential truth: that nationhood as well as boom have come to Canada with the naturalness and inevitability of an adolescent outgrowing his Sunday suit and fitting for a new one. Canada just had to grow. Its empire is at home in its vast northern resources, and its market is next door.

CANADIANS were astonished to discover their country suddenly so big and so powerful. They had been inclined, like the rest of the world, to think of it mainly as a thin necklace of settlement looping from coast to coast along the 49th parallel, with the Great Lakes system and its big cities as a sort of central pendant. However, they have been, individually, quite matter-of-fact about change.

Before I left, Wilson again reminded me of the depression. "The youngsters don't have that lesson before them. I wish they had somehow, because they will need it."

On the prairies, I decided, the weather is man's conscience. No part of Canada was harder hit during the depression, when drought, locusts, and wind erosion blew the crops away, clouding the skies with dust so that the people, in their misery, nightly saw the most magnificent sunsets ever observed as the light filtered through the sandstorms, and the heavens seemed drenched with the blood of their futile toil.

No question is asked more often than "Will it happen again?"

And no one seems willing to entirely trust prosperity, or chance, until they have some answer.

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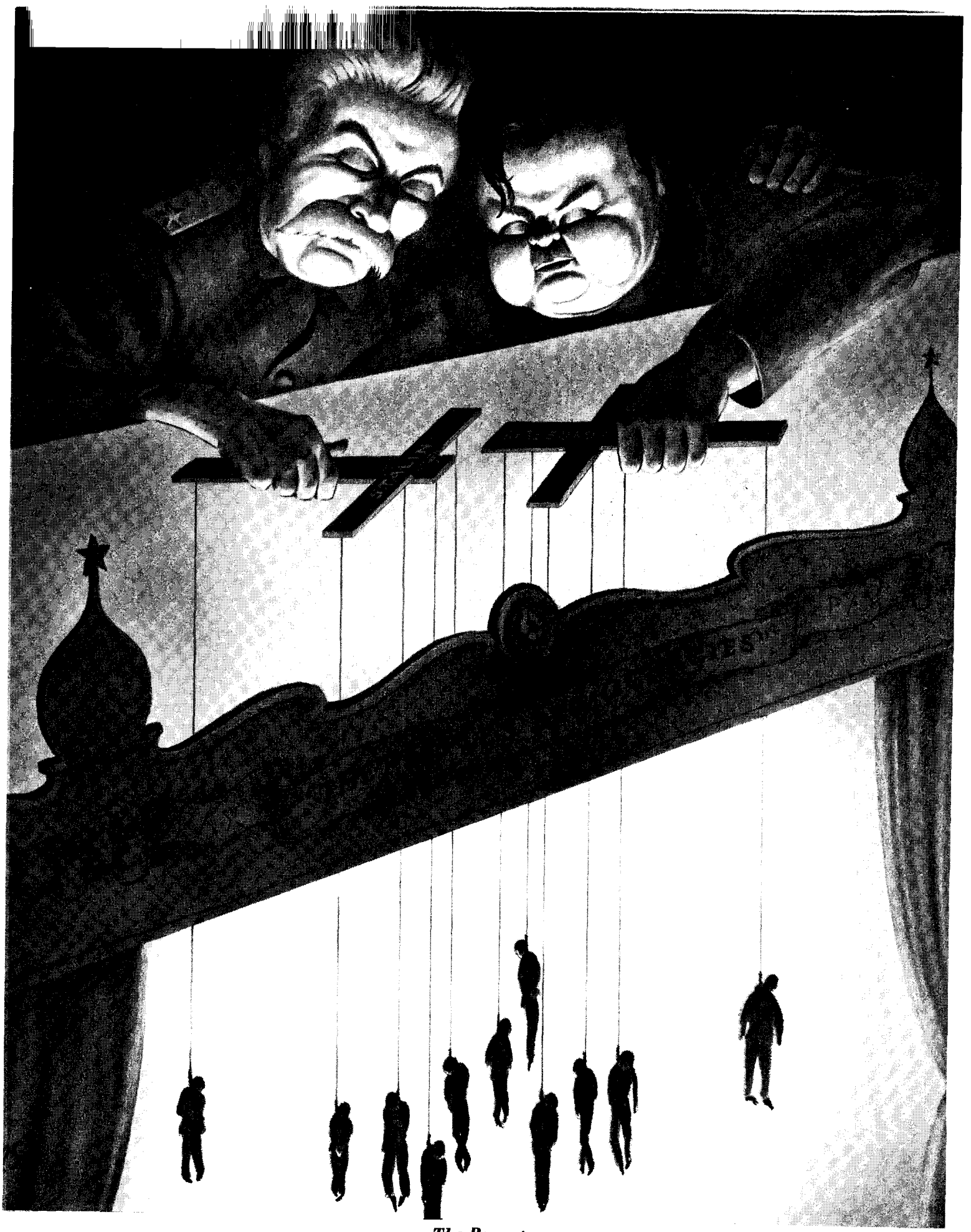

The Puppeteers

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After Rhee, Who?

RUTH BARRETT

PUSAN, KOREA

THE NOTION that President Syngman Rhee, with his idiosyncrasies and his high-handed methods, is the only man who can run the Republic of Korea is apparently accepted as widely here as it is abroad. But even Rhee's most stalwart supporters are beginning to face the fact that the aging leader's lapses into senility are becoming more and more frequent, and that in any event he cannot be much longer for this world; it is generally agreed that the seventy-seven years of President Rhee's official age fall considerably short of the real total.

Ambassadors and U.N. Commission delegates who have suffered exasperation over the President's rambling thought processes or over such actions as his dictatorial coup against the National Assembly early last year are now asking each other who can take over when Rhee passes from the scene. Are there today any other personalities or forces in Korea that the democratic world can support in good conscience?

In spite of Rhee's diligent efforts to preserve the anonymity of his rivals and associates, there are at least five men, each of whom can rally positive political support. One of them looks unmistakably dangerous, but the other four appear to be worthy of serious attention and perhaps of western backing.

Furtive Führer

The dangerous man is Lee Bum Suk, the former Home Minister, who engineered much of the gagging of the Assembly. Lee, who has many of the characteristics of a small-time Oriental potentate, is an army-trained man with a wiry drooping mustache and a shining shaved pate. He is called "Iron Horse" by his admirers, and he likes the title. Lee has already emerged as more of a threat to the President's leadership than anyone else in Korea, and his chances for the succession are best—unless something is done about it.

By no stretch of the imagination can Lee Bum Suk be called a United Nations man. Like Rhee, Lee plays both ends against the middle; he wants to exploit the United Nations in every possible way, but he also boasts that he will make no commitments to U.N. decisions. For example, he thinks that the United Nations owes South Korea military and economic support, now and for some time in the future, but he also insists that "outside decisions" such as a possible U.N. agreement for peace on the present battle line cannot be binding on South Korea. He says openly that in spite of any such agreement, he would muster an army of one million men and send it to the Yalu. He also believes that there should be some kind of NATO in the Pacific, with the equipment of course supplied by other countries, but with the South Koreans and the Chinese Nationalists, as nations that have had "experience in fighting Communists," running the show.

In the inevitable clash for power after Rhee's demise, Lee Bum Suk figures he can count on two very important bully-boy groups. Some of his extremist military followers are already planning the army they intend to march to the Yalu. Their plans are surreptitious, of course, but some young Korean officers with enough sake inside them, as well as several American advisers in the Korean Military Advisory Group, have said that some of the arms and ammunition now being issued to the ROK Army are being piled up in secret caches against The Day.

If careful tabs are kept by U.S. advisers on this blossoming military junta, the danger from the army hotbloods can be contained. But the second power group behind Lee cannot be as easily checked. This group is the Teahan Youth Corps, closely

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patterned on the Hitler Youth Movement, which claims a membership of four million – including "youths" forty-five years old. Most of the Youth Corps members come from ambitious or malcontent segments of society, and have banded together in an organization that gives them prestige and power. For the authentic youngsters, the Corps provides the security of "belonging to the gang." The unthinking hero worship and the superzeal of the Corps are tailor-made for exploitation by Lee Bum Suk.

It is the Youth Corps that mobilizes the "spontaneous" political demonstrations. Members of the Youth Corps, especially in the villages and farm areas, instruct people how to vote and for whom. The Youth Corps "enlists" the auxiliary laborers for the South Korean Army, but in many cases the recruiting is by force. Youth Corps members aid the police in routine checks of all neighborhoods, and keep sentry duty on the rim of public demonstrations to see that nobody walks out.

THE PROGRAM advocated by Lee Bum Suk includes increased production, full employment, tighter control of the unions, fairer distribution of incomes, implementation of the land-reform law, and increased efficiency in the government. A closer look at this program shows that Lee Bum Suk wants to increase production with capital garnered from reduced consumption, which would be a remarkable feat among people who are already on a rock-bottom subsistence level. He wants to provide full employment by a compulsory labor draft, not confined to the war emergency but extended into the peacetime economy. His plan to "check the unions" is strange in view of the fact that unions barely exist in South Korea, and he clearly indicates that what he really wants is to build up the labor movement into another power group—completely obedient, of course, to Lee Bum Suk. The same motive is behind his idea for building up an efficient civil service.

Lee Bum Suk fancies himself a kind of Führer, adept at all things; he has fostered the impression that Lee Bum Suk is not only a man of the people but is something of a superior being. To hear him tell it, he is very good at what he calls "the manly sports" – riding, swimming, and hunting—and also an appreciative devotee of the tea ceremony, classical music, classical art, and classical literature.

THE MAN a visitor sees doesn't exactly confirm this picture. In a thatch-roofed adobe building on one of Pusan's murky back alleys Lee holds court, sitting cross-legged on a kind of Sears Roebuck version of princely cushions. The room is equipped with a large oil painting of Lee Bum Suk, three telephones on a lacquer-topped tea table, and, under the table, two pistols.

Among the proudly nationalistic Koreans, Lee Bum Suk's military record is his greatest selling point. While the Japanese ruled Korea he remained in exile in China and plumped actively for Korean independence. He rose to the rank of general in the Chinese Third Route

Army during the struggle against the Japanese, and in 1941 he succeeded in organizing a Korean Liberation Army. There is no doubt that his candidacy will be formidable and dangerous when the struggle for succession comes into the open.

The Field

Considerably more promising for the future of democratic Korea are all four of Lee Bum Suk's rivals.

Probably the least prepossessing of the group is Shin Ni-kee, landlord chairman of the National Assembly. His most serious fault is his ultra-conservatism. Shin is a venerable politician, steeped in Chinese culture, and his family tree goes back centuries to a forebear who received lands from King Sun Cho for valorous service. He is almost a throwback to the honored mandarin, a special kind of papa-san respected generally throughout the country. He has tried hard to be a moderating force between the constantly clashing factions of the Assembly, and to him goes the credit for holding together the Assembly against the dictatorial attacks by President Rhee—although a stronger man would probably have whipped the legislators into putting up a less pathetic resistance.

Many farmers, especially those from his own province, look to Shin Ni-kee for guidance, particularly on the working of the new lands they have acquired through agrarian reform. Some of this seems like pretty minor detail for an Assembly President, but Shin Ni-kee spends a lot of time on problems of small proportions.

A wisp-bearded farmer, for instance, walks into Shin Ni-kee's overstuffed room behind its swinging bamboo doors and, horsehair hat held respectfully in his hand, asks the Assembly President whether it would be a good idea to rally his village behind a local irrigation project; and if the Honorable Shin Ni-kee thinks it would be a good idea, where can they get a government loan and engineering advice for the project? Shin Ni-kee listens gravely, reflects for a while in silence, then gives his advice, which is often apt to be more philosophical than practical. This time he quotes his favorite maxim, "Man can do what man has done," and the farmer doesn't get the loan.

Shin Ni-kee means well, and he likes his people in a warm, paternal way. But the best symbol of Shin Ni-kee's political role is the old-fashioned carved wood clock that ticks sedately in his office. It is always set a quarter of an hour slow, and many Koreans sense the same behind-the-times quality in Shin Ni-kee.

Statesman

Another of the four possibilities is John Chang, who was the Assembly's

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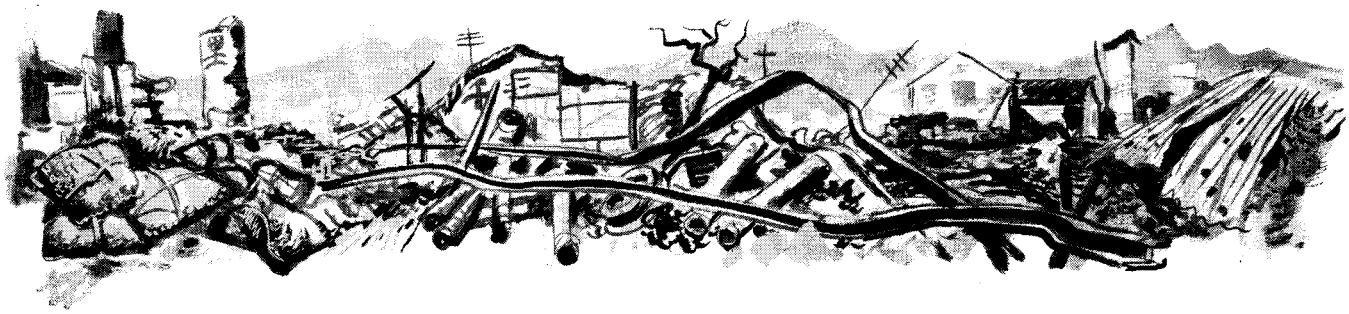

favorite for the Presidency of South Korea before Rhee got the Constitution changed to perpetuate his own incumbency. Chang, probably more than any other man in the country with the exception of Rhee, has the experience and the ability to deal with foreign affairs. He has been Prime Minister, South Korea's first Ambassador to the United States, and chief of its special mission to the United Nations.

When Chang, a devout Catholic, was named by Rhee's cohorts as a conspirator prepared to negotiate with the Communists, he took the slur with a meekness almost suicidal for anyone aspiring to the Presidency of Korea. Nevertheless he is ambitious, and could easily get considerable support from United Nations circles, and especially the United States. He has seasoned, if somewhat slow-paced, ideas for Korea's economic rehabilitation. But he is hypermoderate to the point of weakness. Whatever the Koreans can stomach, they cannot stomach weakness.

Educator

The only man in South Korea against whom nothing seriously unfavorable has ever been said is President Rhee's Minister of Education, George Paik. Americans impatient with the regulation brand of Korean politician find Paik a refreshing rarity.

Paik is the only Minister who has lasted through the recent parade of Rhee Cabinets, and he has done so without making any major compromises. His job, as he sees it, is to democratize and rebuild Korea's educational system, which was stunted and twisted by Japan and which has been gravely disorganized by the war.

While other Cabinet Ministers talk helplessly of the things they cannot do while the war plagues the country, Paik goes on running his schools. He has set up classes in corners of factories and warehouses, in bombed-out public baths, in tents discarded by the army, and in private houses. With virtually no books, no desks, and no heat in his schools, Paik gives the children lots of exercise to keep them warm and makes each piece of chalk do the work of fifty; where there are no houses or tents, Paik insists that classes be held in meadows, on river banks, or, in wintertime, wherever the teacher can find shelter.

Despite the obstacles and the hardships, Paik is determined to feed Korea's widespread hunger for education. This hunger is probably the most inspiring and encouraging characteristic of South Koreans. Rice-farm youngsters walk twenty miles each day to attend middle school; internees released from Koje may forget to take their blankets home but they will not forget to hold onto whatever books they have been given.

The Koreans are getting to know George Paik and to feel a personal gratitude; this sense of obligation, particularly among those who are now coming of voting age, can, if organized, snowball into a political following. A farmer's son, with a square, solid farmer's build, Paik left his village when he was fourteen years old; ten years later, disguised as a Chinese to avoid Japan's ban against emigration by Koreans, he worked his way by ship to the United States, where he ended up with an M.A. in theology from Princeton and a Ph.D from Yale.

George Paik likes to dream, but he likes better to produce. His ideas of what Korea needs are direct and concrete. He talks easily and expertly about fertilizer production and afforestation; he knows the techniques of reopening mines, organizing new light industries, and teaching farmers how to buy more cheaply and sell more profitably. He treks around the country to instruct industrial entrepreneurs how to expand their output, and how to get raw materials when they insist there are no raw materials to get.

He has been too busy working to devote any time to politicking. He therefore has no organization behind him, and his warmest supporters admit that for practical purposes Paik has very little chance of success in any bid for the Presidency. But it is the George Paiks of South Korea, wherever they can be found, whom the United Nations can ultimately develop into the solid democratic leaders of a solid democratic state.

'Dangerous Man'

The last man on the list of Presidential possibilities, but perhaps the most important, is Cho Bong Am, Vice-President of the Assembly and one of President Rhee's most outspoken critics. He has many of Paik's virtues, plus an aggressive program, and this combination has already rallied considerable numbers of farmers, workers, and students around him.

With virtually no opportunity to campaign in the last election (President Rhee pulled a fast one by suddenly naming a new date for registration of candidates), Cho nevertheless received six hundred thousand votes in Pusan, the only place where he could do any real campaigning. This tally caused consternation in the Rhee camp, and one official government spokesman was heard after the counting to describe Cho Bong Am as "a dangerous man."

Cho's surprise moral victory was all the more remarkable because he admits to being an ex-Communist, in a country where Communism is feared and hated. Cho rolled up his vote by talking to the voters in practical terms. He pointed out to the farmers that fertilizer the government had imported for 25,000 won

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per bushel was costing them 150,000 to 200,000 won. He told workers that their unions were simply government tools, and reminded them how they had been sold out in almost every dispute.

But there is much evidence that it was Cho's anti-Rhee stand, at least as much as his positive political program, that got him the votes. The Koreans are more mature politically than most westerners give them credit for, and when Cho told them that they could create a responsible Assembly, throw out dictatorial Presidents, and eliminate the racketeering police system, he aroused the best hopes of a proud, inquisitive people.

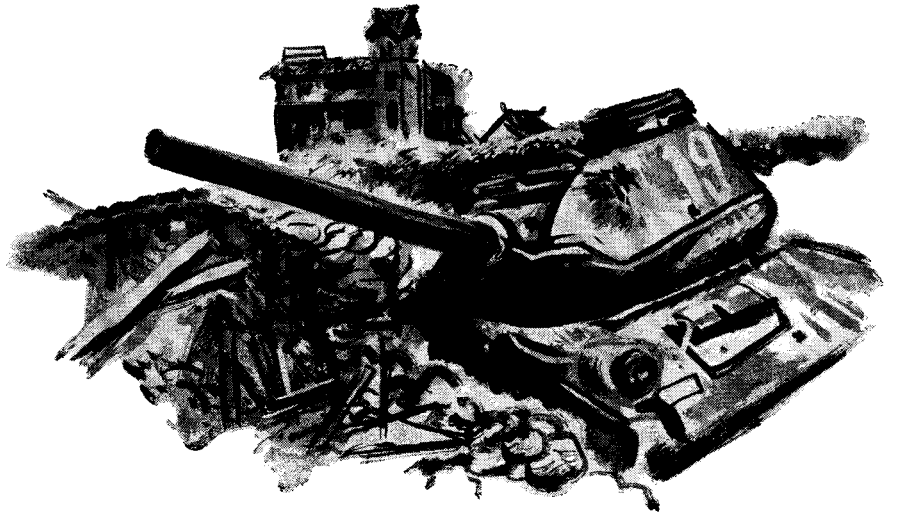
Cho's campaign was hindered in every possibly way by Rhee's cohorts. His meetings were broken up by police in those instances where the latter had neglected to withhold official permission for the gatherings. In Taegu, Cho was pulled off the platform by the police. After the vote had revealed his strength, Cho decided to disappear for a couple of days.

Political Odyssey

The fact that Cho had been a Communist as late as 1946 was a severe handicap, and the Rhee Administration made the most of it. It was as an exile rebel, dedicated to the independence of Korea, that Cho originally chose the Communist Party, which for a long time spearheaded the anti-Japanese, pro-Korean independence fight. But seven years ago, when the Big Four Ministers agreed in principle on a trusteeship for Korea, he broke away from the Communists, who, he then realized, wished to sabotage Korean independence.

After his break with the Communists, Cho was a leading figure of the so-called Korean "Third Force." But when in 1948 some of the adherents of this group went north of the 38th parallel to negotiate with the Communists on the question of unification, Cho strongly opposed the trip, and the "Third Force" broke up. Another issue that helped to precipitate its dissolution was the first free election in Korean history, held in 1948, which Cho supported but others in the Third Force opposed, believing that unification should come first. By that time Cho's political strength was great enough to convince Rhee that in spite of his ex-Communist status Cho warranted appointment in his first Cabinet. Cho lost his post as Minister of Agriculture in February, 1949, on what he claims was a framed charge of corruption, the real issue having been a difference of opinion over rice collections from the farmers.

Cho now wants a lot of changes in Korea's administrative processes, and there is a growing segment of the population that is prepared to go along with him. He has been insistently pressing the issue of corruption and the issue of dictatorial government. He has been urging that the President's Cabinet be responsible to the National Assembly, and he has drummed away on the issue of individual freedom, which, he says, "anyone with eyes can see we don't have now."



Cho advocates a free economy, asking that only industries of major concern to the public be placed under public control. He is the only Presidential aspirant who openly advocates United Nations involvement in the Republic's domestic politics as well as in its military and economic affairs. He contends that the Republic of Korea must face up realistically to the concessions that must be made in exchange for U.N. assistance.

"Sovereignty," he says, "has filibustered and stymied the United Nations." There is another political compromise that Cho refuses to make, and he knows he is flouting a solid bloc of Korean voters by his refusal. He says that the Republic of Korea must accept a United Nations decision, if it is made, to stabilize its boundary along the present battle line. He says this, of course, at a time when Rhee has all the propaganda stops out for unification of all Korea, even if it means continued war. While Cho is prepared to buy any peace that the United Nations offers, he expects the United Nations to continue to help protect the country's border.

Cho thinks that one of the most important jobs now facing the United Nations and the United States is to make certain that what happened to China does not happen to South Korea. As Cho sees it, the United States picked the wrong horse in Chiang Kai-shek, but made an even worse mistake by pulling out of China because of the belief that there was nobody there strong and clean enough to back.

He is afraid that by our support of the dictatorial and incompetent and therefore essentially weak Administration of Syngman Rhee, the way is now being paved for the conquest of South Korea by the Communists.

It is time now to start thinking about Rhee's replacement, and Cho's belief that there are worthy alternatives to Rhee is growing among thoughtful South Koreans—and belatedly among the western advisers who should have begun the search a long time ago. Paik, Cho, Chang, and Shin Ni-kee are perhaps not so important in themselves but as symbols of a growing political maturity that the free world should begin to respect.

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Mao and Stalin, Horse Traders

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

An extraordinary Chinese Communist delegation arrived in Moscow last August. It was Mao Tse-tung's entire brain trust, headed by Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai and including an assortment of department heads, the chief managers of the Chinese economy, and, perhaps more important, the heads of China's armed services. All these people did not come merely to pay routine diplomatic compliments to Stalin. Their purpose was to discuss a very wide range of economic, political, and military topics and to work out a series of vital decisions.

After a month of negotiations only a brief announcement was published, in which both parties solemnly reasserted their friendship and confirmed the Russo-Chinese pact of February, 1950, according to which the Russians were to give up the Chinese Eastern Railway and to evacuate the naval base of Port Arthur before the end of 1952. That is, the part about the Chinese Eastern Railway was confirmed, but it was added that Port Arthur would remain in Russian hands, the Chinese themselves having asked their Soviet ally to maintain a garrison in the naval base.

Shortly after the announcement, Chou En-lai returned to Peking, and nothing more has been heard about the negotiations since. But as recently as November, three months after the opening of the talks, most of the men of Mao's brain trust, including heads of his armed forces and of his economic ministries, were still in Moscow. Apparently the negotiations were still on. It is not likely that a new public announcement will be made, but it is clear that very important and involved decisions are still being taken and that the relations between Moscow and Peking are being placed on a new footing.

A revision of those relations has been overdue. Much has happened in Moscow and Peking and in the world at large since Mao signed his 1950 pact with Stalin.

Rivals or Partners?

Three years ago, Mao, then in the first flush of victory, approached Stalin with great self-confidence, enhanced by the fact that he had carried the war against Chiang Kai-shek to its triumphant conclusion against Stalin's explicit advice. The alliance with Russia seemed to reinsure Mao's newly established régime against any western intervention, but Mao did not seriously fear such intervention anyway. He took it for granted that the United States had withdrawn for good from the Chinese mainland and would not prevent him from dislodging Chiang Kai-shek from Formosa. He was also confident that Premier Kim Il Sung of North Korea could easily conquer the whole peninsula and thereby cover China's exposed Manchurian flank.

Mao could therefore well afford a certain independence in his dealings with Stalin during his three-month stay in Moscow. He dwelt on the discredit the Russians had brought upon themselves and on the harm they had done to Chinese Commu-

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nism when they had appropriated Manchurian industrial plants, dismantled them, and shipped them off to Siberia as war booty. He made it clear that the Russian control of Manchurian railways and of Port Arthur and Dairen reminded the Chinese people only too clearly of the concessions once held by western imperialist powers. He spoke not only for Chinese Communism but for all the revolutionary movements of the Far East, whose leaders might find that the teachings and strategy of Maoism were more up to date and more relevant to their own situation than were the precepts of Stalinism.

Mao stretched out his hand to Stalin, But it was the hand of a semi-ally and semi-rival, a semi-adherent and semi-heretic.

Stalin nevertheless grasped Mao's hand. He was wary of provoking Mao into a schism that might have been infinitely more dangerous than the parochial and ineffective Yugoslav heresy. Stalin readily promised to compensate China for all the losses of 1945-1946 and to withdraw from Manchuria. He eagerly concluded a Russo-Chinese alliance which opened to him new and incalculable opportunities.

But his distrust of Mao lingered. That was why he postponed the complete withdrawal from Manchuria until the end of 1952, and he insisted that at least Dairen should remain under Russian control even after that. He was noncommittal about the scope of economic assistance which Mao might expect. In the meantime, Stalin's adherents in the rest of Asia began, ostensibly of their own accord, to undermine the prestige of Maoism.

Since then the picture has changed radically. The Korean War has resulted in China's increased dependence on Russian aid. The danger of extension of hostilities to Manchuria has constantly been before Mao's eyes. Not only is he no longer anxious to see the Russians clear out of Port Arthur and Dairen; he now sees the only guarantee of Manchuria's immunity in their continued presence in those ports.

An alternative guarantee would be the cessation of hostilities in Korea. But this decision no longer depends on Mao, for the grand strategy of the Korean War is now made in Moscow and Washington, not in Peking. So far Moscow has derived many advantages from pinning down American military power in Korea and delaying its build-up in Europe. As long as western strength is pinned down in Korea, Mao is anxious to tie Russian forces to Manchuria. Chou En-lai's recent request for the continued Russian occupation of Port Arthur was therefore no mere propaganda stunt. The Russians might, of course, have outstayed their time even without this request, but what could be more gratifying to them than to be begged to stay?

Consequently Manchuria as a whole remains under Russian-Chinese condominium, in fact although not in name. And Manchuria is and will remain at least for the next decade China's chief industrial workshop. Mao's ambitious schemes of economic development are based on Manchurian coal and steel and are therefore subject to direct or indirect Russian supervision and control.

The dependence, however, is mutual; a breach between Maoism and Stalinism would be detrimental to both. In the hypothetical case of Mao's defection, Russia would be able to inflict on China economic blows much more severe than those inflicted on Yugoslavia. But the political and military harm that Mao could do to Stalin would also be immeasurably greater than that caused by Tito's pinpricks.

At present Russia's Far Eastern frontier is almost as secure as the United States' frontier with Canada. China's inexhaustible manpower is as much a Russian as a Chinese asset. Through Peking, Moscow is in virtual control of all the teeming revolutionary movements of the Pacific area, and without Chinese support, tendencies toward anti-Stalinist Communism cannot even hope to become a weighty international factor in the foreseeable future. The past year has brought many signs of a growing awareness of all this in Moscow and Peking.

The time when Mao refused to foster the cult of Stalin among his people has long passed. Reluctantly, he too has begun to swear by Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. The Month of Sino-Soviet Friendship inaugurated in Peking on November 7 was significant mainly as a decisive phase in the wholesale transplantation of the cult of Stalin to China.

On the other hand Stalin has reciprocated by paying Mao honors which he has withheld from any east or west European Communist leader and even from his own prospective successors in the Kremlin. He has almost admitted Mao to the line of direct apostolic succession, and almost coupled Mao's name with those of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. He has further ordered *Bolshevik* and *Pravda* to acknowledge Mao's

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allegedly original contributions to the philosophy as well as to the strategy and tactics of Communism, a distinction of which no Molotov or Malenkov can even dream. Stalin does not pay such tributes in recognition of intellectual merit. He can rid himself of his potential rival only by acknowledging him as an ideological confrere.

Stresses and Strains

Underneath the surface not all is smooth, however. There are still unsettled differences and unallayed suspicions giving rise to protracted hard bargaining, not devoid of an element of blackmail. The prolonged presence of the Chinese mission in Moscow is proof of this. Early in the negotiations the heads of the Mongolian People's Republic were

hurriedly summoned to Moscow to be feted there and to stay even after Chou En-lai's departure.

In Mongolia, Russian and Chinese influences overlap. Since the early 1920's Outer Mongolia has been within the Soviet orbit. Inner Mongolia has been successively under Chinese, Japanese, and once again Chinese domination. The division of Mongolia was justifiable, from the Communist viewpoint, as long as the demarcation line between antagonistic social systems cut across that country. With the establishment of Communist governments all around Mongolia, however, it would seem that the time had come to unite the country into a single republic. There has been no hint of this so far. Unification would raise a question as to within whose orbit the country should come, and neither side seems willing to relinquish its claim.

Similar indications of friction may be observed elsewhere, although it is often difficult to define their precise significance. Some of these indications crop up in the somewhat scholastic doctrinal disputes among Soviet Far Eastern experts, disputes which are never far removed from practical politics.

For instance, Mao and his followers claim for their 1949 upheaval the title of a socialist revolution. But the majority of Soviet Far Eastern experts have so far rejected that claim and emphatically stressed the "bourgeois democratic" character of the Chinese revolution. Although Moscow has long recognized all the Communist régimes in eastern and central Europe as genuine proletarian dictatorships, it is still a matter of controversy whether Mao's Government is capable of "performing the functions of a proletarian dictatorship." One may infer from this that Stalin is still advising Mao to delay the process of socialization.

Town or Country?

Nor has the dilemma betwen Maoist and Stalinist strategies in South-East and South Asia been resolved. The Maoist strategy demands that the local Communist Parties build up peasant guerrillas and create "pockets" of People's Democracies behind enemy lines, with the prospect that one day the peasant guerrillas will converge from their bases on the urban administrative centers of their countries. In Malaya and Indo-China, the Communists have adopted this line. But an attempt to apply it in India failed at the outset, and the Indian party went back to strictly Stalinist strategy. More in line with the Marxist tradition, the Stalinist line gives priority to urban agitation and propaganda, conducted with or without the help of Popular Fronts. But the issue is not yet finally settled. Each school has its uncompromising adherents, but the prevalent attitude is to apply one method or the other empirically according to circumstances.

THE DIFFERENCE in ideological climate between Peking and Moscow is still quite noticeable. One curious incident at the recent Peace Congress in Peking has been cited to illustrate this difference. Resembling very much the European congresses of this sort arranged under Cominform auspices, the main purpose of the Congress was to denounce American policy in the Far East and to warn the peoples of Asia about the resurgence of Japanese military power. But the Chinese, not the Russians, were the sponsors, and they sent out the invitations. Among those invited were the leaders of the Trotskyist Party of Ceylon, almost the only section of the so-called Fourth International that has managed to gain some mass following.

In Stalinist mythology, Trotskyism is, and must forever remain, deviltry itself, infinitely more wicked and dangerous than any bourgeois or fascist influence. It is impossible to imagine any avowed Trotskyist group being invited to take part in any venture sponsored by the Cominform. It is anybody's guess whether Mao's lieutenants invited the Ceylonese Trotskyists through an oversight or whether Mao intended to convey the hint of a threat to Moscow.

Stalin's Point Four

Behind all these somewhat elusive ideological issues loom grave economic problems. Blockaded by the West and deeply involved in Korea, Mao has been pressing Moscow for

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assistance more generous than that promised in the 1950 agreements. And in its own interest Moscow seems to have helped Peking much more than it had originally intended. Russian industrial plant and technical assistance have played an important part in China's recovery after fifteen years of war, although it is still an open question whether all this has compensated China for the war booty to which the Russians helped themselves in Manchuria.

The Russians would obviously like the Chinese to produce their own munitions, including heavy artillery, tanks, and planes. But Moscow must also keep an eye first of all on the requirements of its own Five-Year Plan and then on the demands of the other countries within the Soviet orbit. Russia is now avowedly in a much better position to contribute to the industrialization and armament of China than it was in 1950.

Nevertheless, the margin of resources which Moscow can spare for this purpose is still narrow because of the extremely strenuous pressure of Russia's continued industrialization. Stalin is convinced that, in terms of power politics and economics, the returns on domestic investment are quicker and more cumulative than those on investment in China. He therefore favors those forms of economic assistance that are least likely to lead to the dissipation of Russian resources. The emphasis in the Russian program has been on supplying China with technical skill rather than industrial plant.

For all its indubitable realism, this policy has given rise to disappointment among Chinese Communists. They welcome the Russian technicians; they learn from them eagerly; but they would like to get more Russian machinery. The Russians have to go to considerable trouble to explain their attitude.

In justification of that attitude a Russian correspondent in Peking quotes an ancient Chinese tale:

A saintly Chinese sage was blessed with a finger which worked miracles. By a touch of this finger he changed pieces of rock into bars of gold. From all the villages in his neighborhood the poor flocked to his cave in the mountains to ask for help. One day a man came from a very remote place. He begged for help not for himself but for his whole poverty-stricken tribe.

"But how can I help a whole tribe in a far country?" the sage asked.

"Give me your finger," the stranger replied.

The saintly man was so distressed over the poverty of the man that he readily agreed to cut off his finger. But his finger, when it was cut off, failed to change stone into gold.

The moral of the story is clear: The Sage of the Kremlin will not allow the Chinese to bite off his finger, no matter how long the Chinese wait hungrily in Moscow.

Moscow, Prague, And Israel

FRED M. HECHINGER

The recent purge of ranking Czech Communists had been in the making for so long that it seemed like the explosion of a time bomb that had been ticking for years; those who saw it being planted knew it would go off some day; when it did (about two years later than could reasonably have been expected), it still produced a shock.

What is surprising, however, is that despite all the background knowledge, despite the near certainty of what was going to happen, the press missed some of the significance of the climax. Most editorial comment dwelt on the anti-Semitic theme of the trials and pointed to the horror of it: the completion of the full circle—from Nazi occupation, with its anti-Jewish excesses, through the brief return to democracy, the Red coup in 1948, and, now, the Communist version of Heydrich's persecution of the Jews.

But the stress should have been laid on the coldly calculated nature of the move. The anti-Semitism of recent weeks is no different in purpose from the anti-anti-Semitism which the Soviets proclaimed so loudly in the postwar days of Poland. The protection of the Jews then, the widely advertised Soviet opposition to any sort of racial discrimination, had nothing whatsoever to do with any sense of right and wrong or any humanitarian sentimentality. It was the current necessity of the party line, which at the time aimed to achieve certain objectives, among them the winning over of the non-white races. Racial equality, therefore, was the slogan-instrument. (In a similar way the Soviets have switched with ease from an opposition to all national sovereignty to the exploitation of extreme nationalism and the "right of self-determination.")

Among those who fell for the line were those few Jews who accepted the slogan, rationalized that it was therefore permissible for them to rise to power in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and drowned out the voices of their own consciences with that rationalization.

The preparations for the purge

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were in the making during my last visit to Prague in late 1948. And since I also covered the last part of the Arab-Israeli war during that same year, the events of recent weeks fall easily into perspective.

While in Prague, I confronted one Czech official of Jewish background with the question, after all other reasoning had failed, how he could betray his own heritage by making himself the tool of a cynical totalitarianism. He lost, for the moment, his stern and official Communist composure and, as if he were pleading for understanding, he replied with counterquestions: Did I not know what the Nazis had done? Could I not see that Russia offered the Jews the assurance that Germany would not go on a similar rampage again? He did not say it, but his voice and his eyes showed that he was looking for an excuse.

It was an excuse, it must be added, that the great majority of Jews who were left in Czechoslovakia and Poland spurned. Some of them came to me secretly, with that familiar hunted look of the inhabitants of a police state, saying that their only hope and prayer was to get out of the country.

They realized what history has shown to be an inescapable truth: that in a police state the rights of minorities are never protected, and that eventually the minorities must pay for the errors and crimes committed by the leaders of the state. This is true simply because totalitarianism cannot admit error or failure, and must therefore persecute its scapegoats at every turning point of policy or party line. If power is to remain safe in the hands of the dictators, the scapegoats must come from the minorities, since they matter least in terms of consolidated power. While minorities may often be exposed to injustices even in democracies, any hope they may have for justice and protection under totalitarian rule is a total illusion.

The Trap

Among the major charges brought against the Prague defendants was that they had shipped arms to Israel. The most important element in that charge is that it is true. As anyone who traveled with the Israeli armies knew then, Czech arms and munitions from the Skoda factories were second in importance only to American arms. There was, however, a difference. American arms actually were shipped secretly and by "private contributors," often under difficult circumstances. Czech arms, on the other hand, came in quite openly and with the accompaniment of some officially inspired propaganda in Prague.

This was not a conspiracy by Slansky and the rest. It was the policy of Prague, by command of the Kremlin. One indication of this —aside from the fact that in a police state you don't brag loudly about forbidden actions—was that the Czech shippers demanded cash payment for their arms, and they wanted payment in American dollars. Officials in Prague used to laugh about what they called "Israel's Marshall aid to Czechoslovakia." It might be added that Skoda was owned, run, and supervised by the government, and it is difficult to smuggle large quantities of arms, let alone tanks, out of a Communist-administered defense plant.

The fact that these arms were shipped, probably under orders officially signed by many of the defendants, makes the recent trials something of a novelty in the history of Communist purges. The confessions did not have to be manufactured laboriously; the evidence was officially on record.

The motive behind Moscow's and Prague's shipments of arms to Israel had, of course, nothing to do with any belief that the Jews' plea for a homeland was a just one. Soviet plans demanded control of the Middle East. British policy then was openly hostile to Israel and friendly to the Arab States. For the Russians to join Britain in support of the Arabs was out of the question, especially since the only force that seemed to count at all—Jordan's Arab Legion—was British equipped, and the British were then too far ahead in Arab favor for the Russians to attempt to catch up.

Israel, then, was the logical foothold. It was a modern industrialized and mechanized state. It opposed the British—at least militarily (and fortunately the Soviets underestimated the power of cultural and traditional ties). It had a strong left-wing party, which, the Soviets thought, might be pushed all the way to Communism.

The Russians were not the only ones to be misled by appearances. When I returned home in 1948, many Americans talked dourly of Israel as a leftist menace and spoke against the Truman-Acheson support of the new state as something counter to American interests. I remember a press report which said ominously that Israeli troops could be heard singing Communist songs in Tel Aviv night clubs. This was true; they were the songs which Communists and non-Communists had been singing together in Nazi concentration camps. These were the people who had done most of their recent singing in such camps.

The Errors

But the Soviet line and American stereotypes both proved wrong. The Kremlin's policy, which is often made to appear infallible by the professional anti-Communists here, failed miserably, and for these reasons:

First, the often maligned Truman-Acheson policy of supporting Israel against the British-Arab combination gave Israel a workable alternative to either defeat or sell-out to Soviet military support.

Second, the stream of refugees, who soon were to make up the majority

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of the population, had escaped from Nazi terror *and from Soviet police states.* I accompanied one shipload of fifteen hundred of these people on an unseaworthy little river steamer from Marseilles to Haifa, and I knew then that it made little sense for anyone to undergo the hardship of that trek and what had come before it if he had any notion of trading one dictatorship for another.

Third, every thinking person in Israel knew that the new state could hope to escape economic collapse in its first phase of development only if U.S. benefactors could tide it over.

WHEN it became clear that Israel would have no truck with Moscow, the Kremlin had to revise its entire timetable. The British had meanwhile been losing a considerable part of their influence and many of their friends in the Arab nations. It was time for a change of Soviet policy. It is even reasonable to believe that this is part of a major, not simply a local Middle Eastern, switch; since Russia's hostile attitude toward India's recent Korean-truce proposal would indicate that Red China and the Arab states are now the major eastern objects of Communist affection.

Obviously neither Prague nor the Kremlin could admit collapse of a major Soviet foreign-policy plank. The men in the Kremlin had protected themselves by keeping Prague alone in the aid-to-Israel limelight. But Prague could only explain failure by turning once-official policy retroactively into treason.

The second major issue of the purge trials also was written on the walls of Prague in legible handwriting as early as the fall of 1948: Czechoslovakia's economy and foreign trade.

A Czech official, a member of the planning Cabinet in charge of the Five-Year Plan, told me at a moment of exceptional and startling honesty that the only way to save the Czech economy from collapse was to aim at trade with the West—and to send a minimum of thirty-five per cent of Czechoslovakia's exports westward by 1950.

This was no secret in Czech government circles. In fact, officials talked freely of the need for continued and greater East-West trade. Such talk would not have been so free if it had not been endorsed by the Kremlin. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the officials concerned with Czech economic policy, although they were loyal Communists, entered into trade negotiations with the West. (It ought to be remembered that even last year the Soviets invited western businessmen to a Moscow Trade Conference.) It was therefore easy to provide the evidence and to document the "confessions" of this so-called conspiracy.

The About-Face

Finally, and perhaps most important in estimating Soviet intentions, the purge trials are directly linked with the Soviets' policy toward Germany. All the defendants are members of that "old guard" which rode to power (or rationalized its ride to power) with the former Soviet slogan of holding Germany down, of stopping any further German aggression and, in the case of the Jews, of preventing the recurrence of German anti-Semitic terror.

But even in 1948 that "policy" had begun to shift. Many Czechs, some of them non-Communists and others disillusioned Communists, whispered to me of their fear that the Russian high command might sell out Czechoslovakia (and incidentally Poland) in favor of a Sovietized East Germany. While Dr. Benes was being given a state funeral by the Communist Government in Prague, newspapers in the Soviet Zone of Germany were referring to him as a "murderer of innocent Sudeten Germans." Apparently the Soviet authorities did not object to those German sentiments. (Incidentally, this correspondent pointed to these ominous changes in Soviet policy in *The Reporter's* January 31, 1950, issue, and warned of the coming of the Czech purges in press reports from Prague in the fall of 1948.)

Slowly East Germany, with its more strategic position, was to become the No. 1 satellite. Czechoslovakia was to assume a subordinate position. There were sporadic strikes and even outbursts of minor violence in 1948 when Czech railroad workers were outraged to find large food shipments going from a hungry Czechoslovakia to East Germany. Everything pointed to the fact that Soviet policy would be guided entirely by military and power-political considerations, not by ideology.

THIS left the old guard in a precarious position. Everything they had stood for—if some of them had stood for anything more than personal opportunism—had evaporated. Those who had been honestly worried about the revival of German aggressive power had become outdated by a new turn in the Kremlin's party line. Now they were being steamrollered by the reversed Soviet policy. If, in the course of it all, they could also serve as scapegoats who could be blamed for people's going hungry; if, at the same time, the still entrenched despots could make use of the latent Czech anti-Semitism—so much the better.

As for the western world, it ought to ponder well this further object lesson in the cold fact that the Soviet planners are not concerned with ideologies except as far as they serve power-political design. Fortunately, as the real background of these purges indicates, these planners and their plans are far from infallible. As for the condemned men—it is unlikely that any of them really tried to serve the West during their tenure in office. But if the West will take the trouble to heed what their fall from power really means, then their final fate will have been to serve the West, against their will, in their last hour.

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The Long Morning After—I:

Which Road for the Democrats?

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

For years to come, the life of peoples at home and abroad will register the impact of the decision the American electorate made on November 4, 1952. This is why, not to harp on old dissensions but to see as clearly as we can into the future, an effort must be made to evaluate the nature and the causes of the election returns. Such an undertaking can be greatly helped when men who, during the campaign, held different views apply themselves to the common task of appraising its results. The following article is the first in such a series.

RARELY has any American politician made so profound an impression on so many people in so short a time as Adlai Stevenson. Never in American history has any Presidential candidate succeeded so remarkably in losing the election and winning the electorate. Only two men have polled more votes in the nation's history: Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 and Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. The almost one hundred thousand letters which poured into Springfield after the election—many of them from Republicans with a bad conscience—make clear the extent to which even those who voted against Stevenson want to look to him for national leadership in the years to come. His campaign achieved everything except victory.

The purpose of a Presidential campaign is to display the character of the candidate. No one can act a role through all the agony and fatigue of a campaign, all the grueling months of impossible hours, incessant speeches, and implacable public appearances. The true lineaments are bound to slip through, no matter how skilled the advance men, how resourceful the public-relations specialists, how ingenious the ghost writers. You cannot superimpose a synthetic new style on an old personality; the attempt to do this, one sensed, caused the bad moments in the Eisenhower campaign. The General was only saved by the fact that nothing he did in three months of campaigning quite succeeded in defacing the image cherished for so many years by the American people.

GOVERNOR STEVENSON'S campaign was as much his own as any Presidential campaign can ever be in this age of mass production, mass consumption, and mass communication. He made the basic decisions, chose the key people, and personally established the tone and pitch. He could have done no other without constraining or distorting his personality—and this, he believed, would be the surest road to defeat. It was

typical of Stevenson that he had intended from the start, if elected, to visit Korea and the Far East. It took no ghost writer to give him the idea. But he would not have dreamed of publicizing the trip as providing hope for a solution. He would not cash in on people's anxieties. His Calvinistic attitude toward the lures and wiles of politics often perplexed and exasperated his staff, but in the end they came to feel that the integrity of his personality was his most powerful weapon.

Stevenson knew what he was like and recoiled from giving the public any false impressions. He had a profound and eloquent vision of the possibilities of American life and the American character. He spoke the vision across the land—and would not stain it with sophistry or demagogy. He refused to make promises when he did not really believe there was a good chance to deliver. He hated to cater to special groups by taking the required position on the issues that were dear to them. He flinched from the clichés of liberal oratory. He refused, above all, to excite false hopes about easy solutions—whether the hopes of businessmen seeking vast tax reductions, of Negroes seeking equal rights, or of the American people seeking a quick end to the tragic war in Korea. He did all this with a wit and a capacity for hard, clean political infighting which rescued it from any hint of sanctimony and priggishness. And the image of the man came through. No candidate for a long time has evoked such passion or commitment from his followers—or such respect from his opponents.

Victims of Success

And yet he lost. In the first stunned moments after the election, many people agreed with Elmer Davis's gloomy remark that it might be many years before another man would run for President on a platform of talking sense. Cynical parodies of famous phrases from the acceptance address were to be heard among Stevenson's

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supporters: "In 1956, let's talk nonsense to the American people," or "Next time better we win the election than not mislead the people."

But, on more sober consideration, it seems hard to believe that he lost because of the nature of his campaign. The tides were running too strong against the Democrats for any candidate—even Adlai Stevenson—to reverse them. The "time-for-a-change" sentiment had swelled to a flood; and it had found persuasive embodiment in a number of issues—in corruption, in the handling of the problem of domestic Communism, above all in the endless stalemate in Korea. Nor was it easy for a man who, six months earlier, could have walked unnoticed and unidentified down the main street of almost any city of the country to overtake a man who for ten years had been a household hero.

Still, to speak of "time for a change" and of the Eisenhower myth advances the analysis only a little. Why did the Roosevelt coalition break up in 1952? And what were the implications of its dissolution for the Democratic Party and for American progressivism?

Essentially, the New Deal and the Fair Deal were the victims of success. They arose in response to bitter national needs; and they made the fatal mistake—in politics—of meeting those needs. As a consequence, their function began to disappear. Once the New Deal reforms had become so much a part of the landscape that even the Republicans would be hard put to dislodge them, it was increasingly difficult to conceive of them as live political issues. Yet the liberal leaders realized this all too rarely, and consequently expended their energy in summoning the American people to ancient crusades, in sounding the bugle for wars won and forgotten.

In detail after detail, the process of defeat through success becomes visible. The farm-support program made the farmer prosperous—and hence, in the end, conservative. The stock-exchange and securities legislation created a tame and housebroken Wall Street. The banking legislation restored faith in bankers. The social security program divested the city machines of the social function which had established them in the community—the function of taking care of people, providing them jobs and doctors and Christmas baskets.

The Lace-Curtaineers

Above all, the years of prosperity and full employment, with the fantastic increase in personal savings, gave millions of people new economic and social status and enabled them to become "respectable." As part of the process, they moved out of the cities into the suburbs, abandoned tenements for bungalows, bought automobiles, and became Republicans. The Republican Party was not only the "respectable" party; it also seemed to them the party of native American stock, as they knew the Democrats to be the party of the immigrants. As they left their immigrant past behind them in the crowded cities, so they intended to leave behind their Democratic registration. There were not just "lace-curtain" Irish; there were also "lace-curtain" Italians, "lace-curtain" Jews, "lace-curtain" east Europeans. The Democrats lost many more Catholic votes. I would suspect from prosperity than from McCarthy. Having been enabled by Democratic Administrations to live like Republicans, the new suburbanites ended up by voting like Republicans.

Across the country, in one crucial area after another, the revolt of the suburbs was the key to Democratic defeat. The tactics and techniques of the city machine had little effect in the Buick Belt, or even in the Chevrolet Belt; in too many cases, in addition, the city machines had grown too fat and complacent even to deliver the city votes. In many localities Volunteers for Stevenson made valiant—and often successful—attempts to cope with the suburbs. But their activity was too impromptu, too disorganized, and too little respected by the professional politicians.

As Robert Taft has pointed out, the Democratic Party cannot hope to win again until it solves the problem of suburbia. And intimately associated with this problem is the problem of the younger voter. Neither problem could be licked just by reaffirming the programs or reiterating the issues which were vital in the 1930's.

Most people in the Stevenson camp, whether pros or eggheads, were convinced that the most powerful Democratic issue was prosperity vs. depression. And indeed, it was a powerful issue—for those who still had vivid memories of the depression. But a man who was twenty years old in 1932 was forty last November. And the first voters last November were born in 1931, were ten years old at Pearl Harbor and only fourteen years old when the war ended. For a whole new voting generation, the talk of depression was meaningless. They could hardly conceive a world without full employment, without social security, without price supports, without a strong labor movement; this was the furniture of their lives, as the Federal Reserve System and the graduated income tax were part of the landscape for my own generation.

For the new voting generation, "Don't Let Them Take It Away" was an irrelevance. To say "You never had it so good" to young men and women who never had it any other way seemed, in a sense, a betrayal of the American promise; they wanted to have it better. The talk about prosperity and depression meant dreary homes and hunger and bitter memories to the old: to the young it was campaign rhetoric. And so the young tended to turn to the party which held out glittering possibilities of tax reduc-

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tion and the abolition of government controls, new wealth and new business opportunities. The classical maxim is that a revolution devours its children. But in this case, as Murray Kempton brilliantly observed, the children devoured the revolution.

The picture has been much oversimplified, of course. Many suburbanites, many young men and women (perhaps most) voted for Stevenson. But the Democrats lost a margin of votes which they have been able to count on for twenty years. The old appeals failed. A liberal epoch had come to an end. The Roosevelt revolution was now complete. We are all New Dealers today —even the new Republican Administration.

What Stevenson Saw

The irony of all this lies in the fact that the one American liberal who perceived this with startling clarity all the way along was the defeated candidate for President. From the start, Adlai Stevenson felt that the orthodox liberal dogmas had lost their force, that the battle cries of yesteryear were the tired clichés of 1952. He said often in his earlier speeches that he did not believe in running against Herbert Hoover. As the campaign wore on, he began to hark back with increasing frequency to the misery of the great depression. A measure of this was necessary and right, of course. But it was not the irresistible theme that most of us around Stevenson imagined it to be. In retrospect, he now seems everlastingly correct in his conviction that we had to have something fresher and better than this.

The New Deal represented a complex of policies designed to pull the American nation out of the collapse and demoralization of the depression. It was addressed to the economic problem of a grinding deflation and to the social need of strengthening the countervailing power (to borrow J. K. Galbraith's useful phrase) of the farmers, workers, and intellectuals as against the business community. The Fair Deal represented a gallant attempt to adapt the New Deal policies to the postwar climate. But the postwar economic threat was no longer deflation; it was inflation, and for this the remedies of New Deal Keynesianism could not easily be applied, both because of the overriding necessities of the cold war and because of the obsession of conservative Congressmen with tax reduction. And in the eyes of perhaps a majority of Americans (if not of this writer) the balance of power had been effectively redressed against the business community. The important fresh impulses of energy in the Fair Deal period came when the Taft-Hartley Act seemed to threaten the existence of the labor movement, and when President Truman's brave fight for civil rights brought a new political life to the minorities, especially to the Negroes.

The Corruption Issue

Moreover, in its declining years the liberal Administration faced a new problem—the problem of political morals. Here and there, the Democratic Party began to adopt the formula of the Partido de la Revolución Mexicana, which has retained power for nearly thirty years south of the border by an adroit combination of progressivism in program and corruption in administration.

The city machines, for example, suddenly became "liberal"—a fact widely heralded as meaning a new sense of civic responsibility, but in most cases only providing a more attractive cloak for the same old fraud and thievery. The classic example of the combination of progressivism and corruption, of course, was the City of New York under the mayoralty of William O'Dwyer. It was only proper that Mr. O'Dwyer should have ended up as Ambassador to Mexico—and no surprise that he should have been a success.

Governor Stevenson understood this state of affairs more clearly than anyone else. He saw that the liberal program had bogged down in the ruts of old issues and old debates; and he knew that the integrity of liberal purposes was threatened by complacence in face of corruption. It was his determination to freshen the liberal philosophy and to cleanse the liberal performance. He wanted, above all, to lift issues out of ruts, to unblock the log jams which had so long prevented action in such fields as civil rights, labor relations, and national security. He wanted to abolish the liberal banalities and move beyond the liberal dogmas. He was more concerned with achieving concrete human results than with maintaining purity of doctrine.

People sometimes asked whether Governor Stevenson was a New Dealer. The question was as relevant as it would have been to ask Franklin Roosevelt in 1933 whether he was an apostle of the New Freedom. In the days of the New Deal, Stevenson was a New Dealer, as Roosevelt was a Wilsonian in the days of Wilson. But this was another and a different day. It was not only necessary in the new day to supply new answers; it was necessary to ask new questions. And no one, of course, would have appreciated this more than Wilson or than Roosevelt, who both knew well that the programs of one gen-

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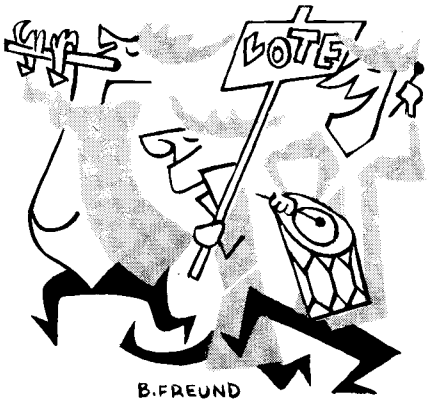
eration do not necessarily meet the problems of the next.

The possibilities for a revitalized liberalism can be clearly shown in the case of Philadelphia. President Truman carried Philadelphia in 1948 by a margin of seven thousand. Governor Stevenson carried it this time by almost 170,000. What happened in Philadelphia was that a new reform Democratic administration had come to power. Under the leadership of Joseph Clark and Richardson Dilworth, both former chairmen of the local chapter of Americans for Democratic Action, it had shown the Democratic Party to be clean, resourceful and vigorous. It had enlisted the enthusiasm and support of the young. It had made great strides in solving the problems of suburbia. Its success in 1952 made clear that the Democrats had not lost the talent for victory.

As the Philadelphia story is repeated, it will signify the rejuvenation of the Democratic Party from the roots up. And, as this rejuvenation takes place, it will give new strength and support to Adlai Stevenson in his awkward and precarious role as "titular" leader of the party. For the 1952 election indicated that American progressivism cannot live any longer off the brilliance and fertility of the New Deal,



that the old ideas have become facts and the old energies are losing their force. Only the strength and vitality which will come from a willingness to respond directly to the imperatives of the 1950's can bring regeneration.

The American progressive movement is fortunate that at this moment their leader is the man who has best understood the liberal dilemma. The clichés of the Right and the clichés of the Left are largely irrelevant to our present needs. Because Stevenson understands the hard job of rethinking and reformulation which lies ahead, he represents perhaps the most creative force in American politics today; he is the first authentic voice of the post-Roosevelt epoch. For it is only as progressivism expresses the possibilities of the future—and not as it revives the memories of the past—that it can once again recover its central place in American life.

Lyndon Johnson, Rising Democratic Star

DOUGLASS CATER

Lyndon Baines Johnson, who this month succeeds Tom Connally as senior Senator from Texas, has been described by one close acquaintance as a "politician's politician." According to reliable reports at the time of writing, Johnson's Democratic colleagues in the Senate are scheduled to elect him chairman of the Democratic Conference, a post which carries with it the floor leadership as well as the chairmanships of the Democratic Steering and Policy Committees. If the Senators come through, they will have done a notable thing on two counts. In Lyndon Johnson they will have chosen the youngest party leader, both in years and in seniority, in the history of the Senate. And with Sam Rayburn as party leader in the House, they will have given unique distinction to the Lone Star State, which last November defied both of these elected representatives as well as tradition by going Republican.

"Admire" is probably a better word than "like" to describe how most Senators feel toward this young Texan who has risen in such spectacular fashion to power and prestige in the Senate. He arrived in 1949. In 1951 he was elected party whip, second in command to the floor leader. Johnson is a tall, gangling man, with black hair combed straight over a large head. His broad face with its penetrating brown eyes exhibits neither youth nor age, just as it rarely expresses mirth, anger, or any other emotion. But beneath what appears to be characteristic Southern languor, Johnson is charged with strong tensions which are now and again evidenced by restless pacing about his office and brusque demands on his staff. Alternately, these tensions are concealed in the supercharged dynamism with which he tackles the business of politics. He cares for little else.

Gallery spectators rarely find Johnson in his seat in the Senate Chamber, and more rarely still do they find him engaged in debate. But a person looking through the glass partitions of cloakroom doors may catch frequent glimpses of the man at work, an arm draped over the shoulder of a fellow Senator, discussing problems of calendar, order of business, suspension of the rules, unanimous-consent agreement, and the thousand and one other processes by which a body of sovereign Sena-

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tors manages to get its work done. When Johnson does rise on the floor, his speeches are short and to the point. Even during his defense of the cloture rule in 1949, he spoke less than an hour, hardly a very substantial contribution to the Southern filibuster.

The absence of youthfulness in a man still in his early forties is not surprising. Johnson has been intimately involved in national politics for two decades. He first came to Washington in December, 1931, more than a year ahead of President Roosevelt, seven years ahead of Robert Taft. He has witnessed the rise and decline of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. Though closely associated with both, he has managed not to become unduly "contaminated" by either. At forty-four, he can be said to be an old-timer.

'Landslide Lyndon'

The credit for Lyndon Johnson's success does not all lie with Texas. Indeed, it would be hard to find a Senator with a more limited popular mandate. In 1948, Texas sent Johnson to the Senate by a margin of eighty-seven votes out of a total of close to a million. His opponent, ex-Governor Coke Stevenson, was considerably agitated because Jim Wells County, whose predominantly Mexican population is under the thumb of a banker-businessman named George Parr, turned in an additional 203 votes—202 for Johnson, 1 for Stevenson—after reporting its returns complete. Although he himself had enjoyed Parr's largess in the past, Coke Stevenson fought desperately for a recount. But the state Democratic executive committee upheld Johnson by a 29-28 vote.

Johnson was reared near the small town of Johnson City, Texas, and acquired his love for politics by inheritance. His father, Sam Johnson, was for many years a state legislator who farmed and sold real estate on the side, and who, according to Lyndon, went broke three times during Republican Administrations. Sam Johnson had something of a liberal reputation among his colleagues He was always siding with the underdog, and he counseled his son, "Lyndon, never forget the people." During the First World War, when feeling against the German-born was intense in Texas, the elder Johnson delivered a courageous speech in the legislature urging tolerance. In the gallery that afternoon was Dick Kleberg, a young man of German extraction and the owner of the great King Ranch. The speech began a friendship between Kleberg and Sam Johnson which proved to be of importance to young Lyndon.

Kleberg won a special election to Congress in 1931 and took Lyndon, then twenty-three, to Washington as his secretary. "He arrived here brand new," one old friend recalls admiringly. "He didn't know a thing, but he could always take a suggestion and improve on it." It wasn't long before Johnson acquired the reputation for efficiency and ambition that has stayed with him over the years.

Among the Congressional secretaries there was an organization known as "Little Congress," which held sessions and considered legislation in the image of its parent body. And, as in the big Congress, its posts of leadership were awarded on the basis of strictest seniority. Johnson set out to break this restriction on enterprise. At one election meeting, little more than a year after his arrival in Washington, he rounded up a sizable number of Congressional secretaries who had never bothered to attend regular sessions. When the votes were counted, Lyndon was adjudged to be Speaker.

The intellectual ferment that gripped Washington with the arrival of Roosevelt was not lost on Johnson. His friends of that period recall that he was willing to talk politics late into the night. Although he was wholeheartedly committed to the New Deal, it was noted even then that he seemed more preoccupied with the mechanics of legislation—the techniques of achieving the finished product—than with its substance. In those years he first met some of the bright young men of the New Deal—Paul Porter, James Rowe, and others—and formed lasting friendships.

In 1935 Johnson enrolled in Georgetown Law School, but had not gone far when he learned that a Texas state director for the National Youth Administration was to be appointed. He sought out Senator Tom Connally and the post was his.

In less than two years' time, Johnson had accomplished something often fearfully predicted by those who pointed to the danger of self-perpetuating New Dealism. Using a New Deal emergency-type agency as a springboard, he vaulted right back to Washington, whence he had so recently come—this time as a Congressman. His campaign corps was the young people who benefited from NYA. His district was around Austin, the state capital, and his opponents a collection of nine worthies all better known than he around those parts. Johnson ran on a down-the-line endorsement of the New Deal, including Roosevelt's Court-packing plan, which was then causing great controversy. Johnson's opponents obligingly focused their attacks on him, and he won.

The President, who was cruising off the coast of Texas at the time, heard of this exploit, was intrigued, and invited twenty-eight-year-old Lyndon to ride back to Washington on his train. Once there, he became a frequent guest at Sunday-morning breakfasts with F.D.R. Johnson has since remarked that Roosevelt was "like a second daddy to me."

THE MAGIC of the Roosevelt name failed Johnson when he made a bid for the Senate in 1941. Despite announcement of his candidacy from the White House steps, the President's endorsement of him as a "very close and old friend," and billboards

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emblazoned throughout Texas with portraits of the two warmly clasping hands, W. Lee ("Pappy") O'Daniel edged Johnson out by 1,311 votes.

Johnson's early speeches, while characteristically few and brief, reflected some of the New Deal's crusading spirit. Once he told a Texas radio audience, apropos of big government stifling free enterprise, "The government is competing with the shacks and hovels and hogsties and all the other foul holes in which the underprivileged have had to live. If you object to that kind of competition, then I'm disappointed in you."

The real future of a Congressman, as Johnson had known all along, lies not in polemics but in committee work. He had been blessed, through the intercession of Roosevelt and Rayburn, by appointment to the important Naval Affairs Committee. After the United States entered the Second World War, Johnson, who had been commissioned a lieutenant commander, served seven months as Roosevelt's special emissary to Australia and New Zealand. Then, when Congressmen in service had been recalled to Washington by Presidential order, he got a real prize in the form of the chairmanship of an investigating subcommittee.

Getting Along

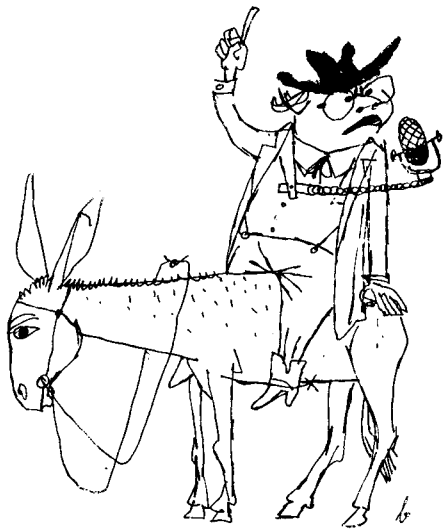
Johnson showed an exquisite knowledge of the attributes necessary to a successful subcommittee chairman. First of all, one had to get along with the committee chairman, especially if he happened to be Carl Vinson, who was even then popularly known as "the old man," though still in his early sixties, and was apt to be crotchety about committee expenditures. But Vinson had a weakness for Capitol Hill gossip and was not averse to a spicy story now and then. Johnson and young Representative (later Senator) Warren Magnuson paid frequent visits to Vinson's office. "Lyndon usually wound up getting just about anything he wanted," an associate recalls. "Why, his subcommittee staff was larger than the one for the full committee."

Johnson could be as adept as a boss as he was artful as a junior. Right away, he secured the loan of a brilliant young lawyer, Donald C. Cook, from the Securities and Exchange Commission, to serve as his subcommittee counsel. Cook's star brightened with Johnson's in the Washington constellation. Years later, while vice chairman of the SEC, he returned to head the staff of Johnson's Senate preparedness subcommittee. Last February, Cook was made chairman of the SEC.

With Cook and other staff members, Johnson was a strict taskmaster. He demanded the last ounce of energy, but in turn he backed his subordinates all the way when they ran into opposition. His reports were sometimes brashly critical of the Navy Department and indirectly of Secretary Frank Knox (and even more indirectly of Knox's young assistant, Adlai E. Stevenson).

As a boss, Johnson could be stern to the point of ruthlessness. Once he learned that a staff member of the Vinson Committee had tattled to a reporter about the indiscretion of a fellow Congressman. Johnson promptly took the matter up with "the old man." Within a week, the offending staff member, a Naval Reservist, was ordered to active duty in the Aleutian Islands.

That same hard-as-nails quality came out in 1949 when he was chairman of a Senate subcommittee holding hearings on the nomination of Leland Olds for a third term as chairman of the Federal Power Commission. Olds had been guilty of some pretty ridiculous writing as a leftish newspaper columnist back in the 1920's, but, what some people regarded as more significant, he had recently declared himself favorable to FPC regulation of natural-gas producers. Though Olds was also a Roosevelt protégé and widely popular among oldtime New Dealers, Johnson interrogated him with icy contempt, and the subcommittee reported unanimously against Olds. The nomination was summarily rejected.



THE VAST technical problems of mobilization gave Johnson an appropriate outlet for his restless energy. The ideal of national preparedness seemed to capture his devotion as much as or more than the New Deal ever did. He fretted particularly over the problem of absenteeism in war plants, and once reported out a bill to monitor all personnel records, promptly arousing the ire of labor.

On the outbreak of fighting in Korea, it was only natural that freshman Senator Johnson, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, should propose a watchdog subcommittee on preparedness, and that Chairman Richard Russell should designate him to head it. And it was even more natural that observers, remembering an earlier chairman of a Senate watchdog committee, should reach the same conclusion as *Business Week*, which commented, "At 42, Johnson stands where Truman did at 57."

Shortly after his appointment, Johnson went to call on the President, who told him to keep his reports bipartisan and unanimous if possible, not to try to outguess the generals, and to keep away from foreign policy. It was good advice. But Truman didn't tell Johnson how to deal with the frustrating dilemmas of partial mobilization in a period of limited warfare. Like Senator Truman, he could mine the rich veins of waste, corruption, and shiftlessness in the armaments program. But Senator Truman never had to face the gradual build-up, the stretched-out production schedule, and the other devices by which our military planners are trying to keep pace with the Soviets and occasionally to cover up their own mistakes.

At times, especially during the dark winter of 1950, Chairman Johnson has come close to roaming from his preserves. In December of that year, he took to the Senate floor. "Is

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this the hour of our nation's twilight?" asked Johnson in a rare outburst of eloquence, "the last fading hour of light before an endless night shall envelop us and all the western world?" His argument was threefold: One, we are at war; two, a primary goal is survival; three, we are not getting ready for war but are directing our effort toward staying out of war we are already in. "This," he concluded, "is adolescent nonsense."

Johnson's continuing attempts to spur a limited mobilization effort with total-mobilization predilections have served to engender more than the normal amount of acrimony in his relationships with some of the Defense Department higher-ups. For one reason or another, there are those in the Pentagon who consider him an ambitious schemer. Despite such friction, Johnson heeded Mr. Truman's advice to the extent that he never belittled the latter's foreign policy. Likewise he has shunned the all-or-nothing propositions for Korea laid down by some Senators.

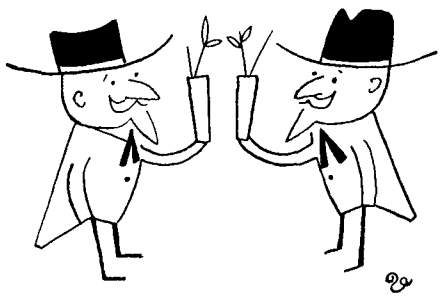
Has Johnson Changed?

Some of Johnson's Democratic colleagues from the North profess to trace a steady and descending line from the high liberalism of earlier years. "Lyndon used to talk a great deal about his father and the underdog," remarked one who knew him in the 1930's. "He doesn't talk that way any more. He doesn't seem to care for anything any more—except power."

Others discount this. "He hasn't changed," one old Texan friend explained. "He's just mellowed a bit like they all do—all except a Norris or a LaFollette." Being a Senator from Texas, it was pointed out, is considerably different from being a Congressman; indeed, Speaker Sam Rayburn once remarked that he doubted if a man *could* be a liberal Senator from Texas.

Undoubtedly, the stresses that play upon a Southerner who is tempted to run in the face of powerful interests back home can be wearisome. "I'm damned tired," he once remarked half seriously, "of being called a Dixiecrat in Washington and a Communist in Texas." Like others in the party, Johnson is known to blame Truman for setting up the issues in a way which has proved unacceptable to Southerners and therefore divisive to the Democratic Party.

Whether or not Johnson's basic outlook has changed, some of his votes in recent years have caused grave concern to other Democrats. On labor legislation, he voted for the wartime Smith-Connally Act, for overriding the President's veto of Taft-Hartley, and for the Ellender



Amendment to reduce the minimum wage from seventy-five to sixty-five cents. On civil-rights legislation, he has regularly voted the Southern position. He cosponsored the Kerr Natural Gas bill and voted for the Tidelands Oil quitclaim and the McCarran Immigration bill.

Those who lament these votes argue that the strength of the Democratic Party during the last twenty years has been built on its liberalism. Now that the party can no longer rely on Presidential initiative to supply that liberalism, it will be up to the party in Congress to make a fighting record on which the Democrats can appeal to the voters in 1956. They see no good prospects for such a record with Johnson as leader.

THERE are others, however, who are not willing to write off Johnson so quickly. They concede there will be issues over which the Democrats will be faction-ridden—whether or not Johnson is leader. But the Democratic record will in the main be made on the broad issues of economic liberalism—public power, housing, programs for the small dirt farmer, social security, and all the rest—to which the Northerner and the Southerner, the farmer and the city dweller in the Democratic ranks are equally committed. Democrats, too, will be able to find nearly complete unity on a positive approach to the problem of severe deflation if it should come during the Eisenhower Administration. On all these issues, they believe, Johnson will prove to be a shrewd, forceful, and effective Minority Leader.

It is unlikely that Johnson himself has taken the time to examine the alternatives in just these terms. That would not be the way of a practical politician. Undoubtedly he has gauged the risk attached to party leadership in the terms which will be pre-eminent for him during the next two years—his political survival when he comes up for re-election in 1954. He is reported to believe that, having served as party whip, it would have hurt his cause in Texas not to be promoted to floor leader.

A short time ago, Johnson ordered the Library of Congress to prepare a survey of the fate of past party leaders. It revealed, to his satisfaction, that none, with the sad exceptions of Scott Lucas of Illinois and Ernest McFarland of Arizona, the last two occupants, ever met defeat while holding that post. Presumably, his primary objective will be to make sure that those continue to be the two exceptions.

BUT the more interesting, if less answerable, question arises about the future of the Democratic Party. There are a number of imponderables, first of all Texas itself, which appears to be wavering between a healthy two-party system and the ambivalent status typified by its new junior Senator, Price Daniels. Then, too, the role to be accorded to or claimed by Adlai Stevenson is highly uncertain; and of course the Republicans will affect this future as they pre-empt party positions that appear most politically advantageous.

But primarily it will be the Democrats in Congress who by their votes on one tough issue after another will determine the direction the party takes. And, rather than any prearranged grand strategy, it may very well be the day-to-day leadership of Lyndon Johnson, a "politician's politician," that will be decisive in shaping both his own and his party's destiny.

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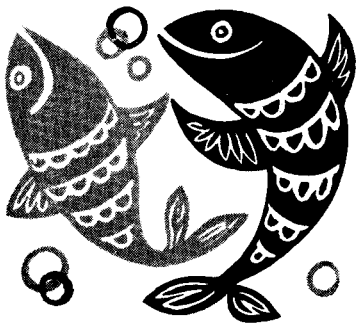
CHANNELS: Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

MARTHA ROUNTREE and Lawrence Spivak have for years provided one of the healthiest irritants on television: "Meet the Press." They practice the black art of goading on another show too, "Keep Posted." After seeing several sessions of both, this viewer is as much impressed by the air of malevolence Miss Rountre and Mr. Spivak emanate as by the political combat itself. Mr. Spivak's malevolence is easier to define than Miss Rountree's. It is the sum of his face—small, cold, immobile—and his questions, which probe rather for weakness than for truth, and often expose the raw, quivering nerve of both.

Miss Rountree, on the other hand, gives little evidence on TV of the power she is said to wield in the political world. Her introductions, prompted always by notes, are halting, her occasional questions loaded but not acute. It is unusual, moreover, for malevolence to speak with such a deeply Southern accent. It must rest, therefore, in the expressions of her face as she sits between the protagonists, sometimes smiling, sometimes casting lowered glances at her partner, always unmoved by the struggle raging about her, and waiting—like some primordial priestess—for the sacrificial rites to begin.



'What Can Ail Thee . . .'

Another show, called, dubiously enough, "There's One in Every Family," was recently the occasion of a particularly pitiful human exposure. A young Korean War veteran was the "One" singled out for the honor of answering questions and winning material benefits for his family, which was there in force: mother, father, brother, sister, nephews, even—I think—some in-laws. The lieutenant was exceptionally handsome—dark and finely drawn. The M.C. led off by proclaiming him a real hero and reading aloud his citations for bravery, which were impressive. He used the word "hero" heartily many times, and the face of the young lieutenant showed such sadness, such deep-enclosed misery that it should have been covered from sight. When the oration was over, his family was brought in to express their pride, which they did emotionally, and the quizzing began. The lieutenant answered correctly and unhappily and was awarded vacuum cleaners and refrigerators. The one moment when he smiled was when he was given a cocker puppy, and he pressed it tightly to him as if it were salvation.

Bishop Sheen

The power of Bishop Fulton Sheen on television has been attested by many, and is here reattested by this viewer. The man has magic. He compels you to listen as if the next word were revelation. Sometimes it is; sometimes it is simply music, as when—speaking of the imagination which permits children to fly on broomsticks—he describes them as "clinging to the whistling manes of the wind." Sometimes there is so much ease and eloquence that one wonders whether truth can be so luxuriously attired. But always there is the Bishop's face itself—a fusion of the spiritual, the intellectual, and the sensual with which few living men are endowed.

'Omnibus'

One is hesitant to criticize anything so worthy in purpose—and sometimes in detail—as "Omnibus," the big Ford package on Sunday TV; but after seeing it five times, my reluctant conclusion is that it is not very good. That it is better than eighty-five per cent of television programs is not enough: That is an easy triumph. The point is that it could have been—should be—much better.

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There are, I think, three major faults. One is the premise and practice of showing something for everyone. In all media, the death of art is to please all and offend none. "Omnibus" had a magnificent mandate, a glorious chance, to displease some and to please others greatly. It could even offend, as all important beginnings offend the timid. But it is a mixture stirred to the public taste, and is therefore savorless.

The potpourri concept is responsible for its second fault: length. An hour and a half is a half-hour too long. Even thirty minutes of excellence on one idea would be more effective.

The length leads to its third fault: languor. There is little pace in "Omnibus." It just goes on like a procession. It has no graph, no climax, no resolution. Brilliant as he is, charming as he is, Alistair Cooke contributes to this languor by the very urbanity and detachment one has

come to value in him as an observer. He moves like a shadow in a show which is already lacking in flesh and blood, and his noninvolvement in the material he presents cannot help but communicate itself to an audience. It is unfailingly pleasant to watch Mr. Cooke, but the pulse does not quicken in expectation of what is about to be revealed.

The best things in "Omnibus" are, paradoxically, those which commercial television has at times done very well: straight plays. Maxwell Anderson's *Trial of Anne Boleyn*, with the Rex Harrisons, was extremely effective; so, to a lesser degree, was the same playwright's *Trial of Ben Jonson*. But the ballets in "Omnibus," the lectures, even the extraordinary scientific films, have smacked too much of the kind of self-conscious culture which *Life* periodically bestows on the American public.

I am told that "Omnibus" has proved itself commercially by attracting sponsors, but that it has had no appreciable effect on TV as a whole. The "professionals" do not think highly of it, as they do, emphatically, of the documentary series "Victory at Sea." They find "Omnibus" dull, pretentious, and lacking in fresh ideas.

They may well be too condemnatory, either out of conscience or out of jealousy. But I am not at all sure that they aren't right.

'A Woman With Stoutness of Heart'

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE MANY-SPLENDORED THING, by Han Suyin. *Little, Brown. $3.75.*

ONE SPRING DAY in 1950 on a grassy hillside above Hong Kong, Han Suyin said to Mark Elliott lightly, almost in jest, "Perhaps if you leave me, and I grieve, or for some other good reason, I may write a book about you."

"What other good reason would you have?" asked Mark.

"Food," she replied. "A piece of one's soul to the multitudes in return for rice and wine does not seem to me a sacrilege."

A few months later, driven by what she herself calls "the profitable spur of pain," Han Suyin began to shred her soul for the multitudes. If *The Many-Splendored Thing* were to provide her and her descendants with rice and wine for many generations, it would still be only a token payment on the debt that is owed to her, especially by readers in the western world.

We of the West, and especially we Americans, no longer speak of China in terms of people, human families like ourselves, but only as warring factions. As a reminder of China's humanity, the account of herself, her land, and her people given by the Chinese woman Dr. Han Suyin is of great value. Han Suyin is a humble yet proud Chinese patriot, a hard-working healer, a woman with stoutness of heart, but it is because she is also a born observer and a green-fingered poet that we can understand what she is and what she does. Her book, therefore, built from fragmented memories of radiance and grief, is more than a story of an individual. Her personal torment merges with that of her people and becomes part of our own experience. Between her East and our West she has erected, in defiance of these destructive times, a bridge.

IT WAS IN 1949 that Han Suyin, thirty-two years old and the widow of a Kuomintang general killed by the Communists, completed her medical studies in England and set sail with her nine-year-old daughter, Mei, for Hong Kong. Of hopes for personal happiness she had none, since for a well-bred Chinese woman to remarry after being widowed was still held shocking. She had great hopes for China. Penniless, armed

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only with her training, the skill of her hands, and her spirit, she set to work as a resident physician in a Hong Kong hospital. She would have laughed then, with the "disparaging, ironic, self-laughter" that often seizes the Chinese on the heels of tragedy, could she have foreseen to what a pitch of personal happiness she would soon be lifted, and for how brief a span. But she did not yet know, not even on the evening when she met him, that Mark Elliott, the English journalist, was to add a new dimension to her life.

Here, however, is none of the self-love nor yet the self-disparagement of the usual autobiography. Han Suyin, while keeping a steady shaft of light upon the love between Elliott and herself, illumines all the world around her in its glow. Through the doom-shadowed city of Hong Kong she moves among the herded refugees, the opportunists, the disillusioned missionaries, the unregenerate prostitutes, the outrageous rich, and the ravaged poor—among all of that frightened, diseased, conniving, suffering humanity. Born of a Chinese father and a European mother, trained in a Catholic boarding school but also in a traditional Chinese family, Han Suyin harbors within herself the knowledge of two worlds.

Twice in that year of her life that spent itself so swiftly and irrevocably, she went back to China proper. The first time, after an absence of eight years, she returned to Chungking before the Communists engulfed it to pay a visit of respect and love to Third Uncle and Third Aunt and to rescue her sister Suchen, for whom the tough rack of revolutionary China was too much. But the second time she journeyed inland, Third Uncle and Third Aunt had been "liberated," and she went not to Chungking but to a little town where the new order was in full swing and she could judge it.

Torn, as so many Chinese people have been torn, by the conflict between their longing to see China revived and reformed and their disillusion with the revivers and reformers, Han Suyin suffered to see her people once again betrayed, once more enchained. As she prepared to leave, a Communist friend told her: "You are completely feudal in your personal, subjective approach to life—a reactionary."

"But on the other hand," she answered, "in Hong Kong, many call me a Communist because I love my country." Stiffening herself against the "swarm-passion and the goose-step voice, wherever they may be," she went back to Hong Kong and to

the last months of her allotted time with Mark Elliott.

Whether she speaks of China, of her own friends or enemies, of her patients, of her family, or of the one man whom she would have wished to follow till the end, she speaks of life itself. In the pages of *The Many-Splendored Thing* is visible that most splendid thing of all—an unafraid spirit that, beyond Communism and Kuomintang, East and West, brings us what, by its standard and our own, is truth.

BOOK NOTES

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS, by Carl Sandburg. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.*

You would never know from anything that you can find in this book that the man who wrote it, looking back at his youth in Galesburg, Illinois, is a famous man, the poet Sandburg, the historian Sandburg, one of the grand old men of our times. This is because Carl Sandburg is modest, but it is also because he is talking—for its own sake—about an American town in the Midwest before the turn of the century. The young strangers—the immigrant Swedes, the Irish, the Italians—came to it, and he was born there, the son of God-fearing, hard-working Swedish parents. He remembers and loves the place, the people, the old-fashioned clean words the people used. He remembers and counts the steps he took from the back door of his house to the pump and how, during a dry spell, the pump handle came up light and loose, pulling up no water, and how he would then have to prime it, and how in winter sometimes he could not budge it, and would have to go back to the kitchen for a pail of hot water.

He remembers his friends, the "dirty dozen," and the first time they ever played baseball with a big-league regulation ball that cost a dollar and a half. He remembers his newspaper route—folding the paper just right so that he could throw it onto the front porch—and his milk route—and how it was when sometimes people could not pay the milk bill—and his first job in the wheatfields. His central, his most affecting, memory is of his parents. As a boy in Galesburg, Sandburg knew men who had spoken to Lincoln, and his book is about an America that had not yet greatly changed from Lincoln's times. When young Sandburg joined up for the Spanish-American War they put him in the same uniform that privates under Grant and Sherman had worn only thirty-three years before. It is an America that city people think of now as belonging to folklore—the boys running barefoot in unpaved streets and, surrounding the town, the farms with no tractors on them—and a fine book like this makes one feel that it is still basic to our strength.

●

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT: A Pictorial History of the Civil War, 1861-1865, by Hirst Milhollen, Milton Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart. Edited by David Donald. *Macmillan. $10.*

We have the high-speed shutter now, and the telescopic lens, and we still have, unhappily, war. We have been photographing war for a hundred years, and when you look at the faces in this extraordinary collection of Civil War photographs you see that the uniforms change but that the faces of young men confronted with war do not. The face of youth in war is that of the Youth in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage;* it is timeless and universal.

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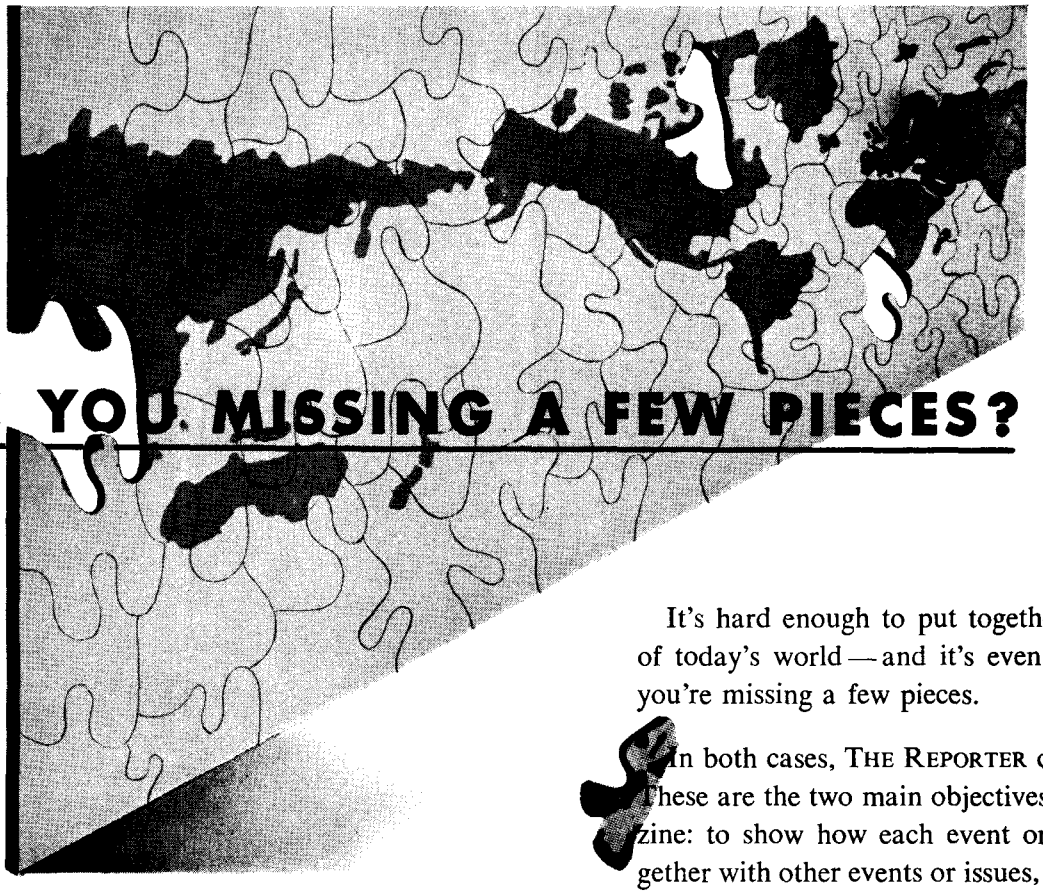

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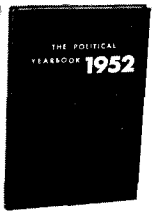

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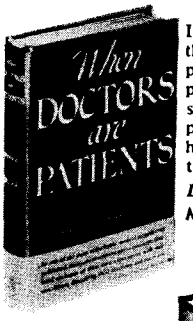

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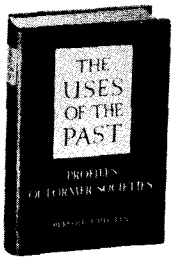

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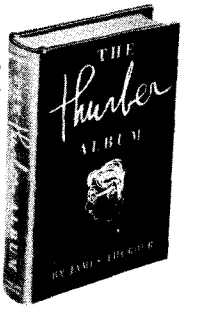

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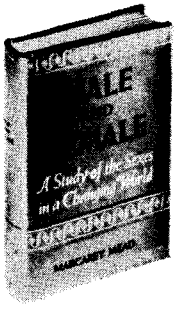

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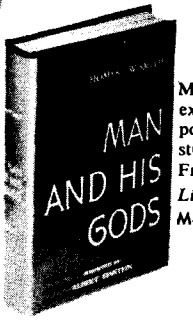

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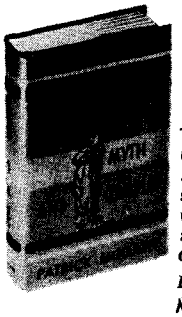

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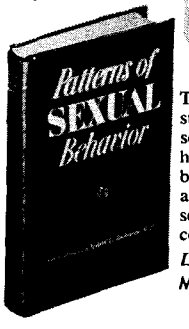

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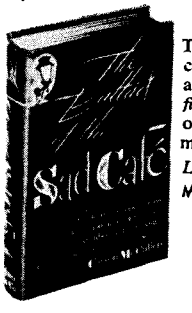

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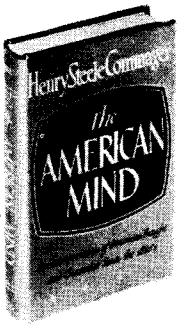

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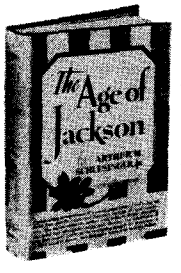

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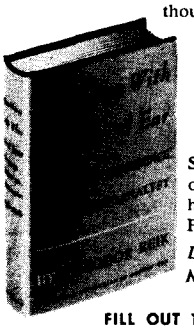

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